THE FAMOVS Hiſtorie, of Guy, Earle of *VVarwick*.

LONDON 1609.

Romance of Sir Guy Imprinted at London in Lothbury by Wyllyam Copland with rude wooden cuts
Warton's Hist. of English poetry V. 1. Diss. 2. p. 169.

The romantic history of Guy earl of Warwick was written by Walter of Exeter, a Franciscan
Frier of Carocus in Cornwall about 1292. See Carew's Survey of Cornwall, & Warton ut supra p. 87.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE PHILIP *Earle of Mountgomerie, Lord* Herbert of *Sherland*, and of the most Noble order of the Garter Knight.

RIght worthily enobled, and true honourable Lord, vouchsaf out of your generous curtesie, (to which all mẽ yeild a general applaud, to accept this slight & weake Poeme, deriued from a strong and mightie subiect (to wit) great *Guy* of *Warwicke*, our famous Contryman; whose valour, hath bene the worldes wonder, and his admirable acts of chiualry, terrors and daunting feares to all the opposites of himselfe & this kingdome. The neglecting of whose worthy memory

hath induced my more willing then able muſe, to reuiue the deeds of this duſt-conſumed champion, vppon whoſe honourable combat, King *Athelſtone* ventred the whole Realme of *England*. Diſdaine not therfore (moſt worthfull and pretious ſpirrit) in the true affabilitie of your eſteemed vertues, to vouchſafe the view of theſe artleſſe lines, vvhich in the ſilence to greater ſufficiencies, ſpeake only to keepe valour from obliuions deſtruction.

Moſt humbly deuoted to
your honours vertues,

Samuell Rowlands.

To the Noble English Nation.

RENowned English, whome our lines inuite,
To view the acts of warwicks worthy knight,
Whose deedes of old, writ with an ancient pen,
Haue now out-worne the memories of men:
Most strange in this same poet-plentie age
Where Epigrams and Satyres byting rage:
Where paper is imployed eu'ry day,
To carry verse about the townne for pay,
That stories should entomb'd with no thies lye,
And fame, through age extinct, obscurely dye.
Daine to accept what recreations howers
Hath spent vpon this Contry-man of ours:
It seemes too far vnkinde, that in these daies,
We toile so much in other Nations praise,
That we neglect the famousing our owne,
Which ouer matchfull vnto them were knowne:
England hath bred such men for valor tride,
Could mate all kingdomes of the world beside.
Take heere a view of ancient knight-hoods face,
His bruised armour and his bloudy case,
His broken Launce, gapt Faulchon, batter'd shield,
His valiant combats with the foe in field,
The vvounds and scars insculpt vpon his flesh,
His mortall fights renewvd each day afresh,
His reasons that did animate to armes,
His freeing tender Ladies from their harmes.
His hacked Target, and his splinterd Speare,
His killing Serpent, saluage Bore and Beare,

Then looke on some, in ages since beknighted,
Who neuer were with Martiall deed delighted:
That are no kinne to them that went of old
In yron armor, these are knights in gold:
And you shall see, the one doth weare the name,
When th'others action, merrit for the same.
The same for merrit was renowned Guy,
A champion, that his fame with bloud did buy,
And neuer held his life in cowardfeare,
But venter'd it at point of sword and speare:
He was a prodigall of life and lim,
And bad all welcome, came to fight with him.
Were it a Giant like to Gogmagog,
Or Cerberus *that triple headed dog,*
Or he that often did Olimpus *climbe,*
And was the onely club-man of his time,
Great Hercules *if he had breath'd on ground,*
When English Guy *of* Warwicke *liu'd renownd,*
There would haue ben a combat t'wixt them two,
To try what stoute Alcides *force could doe:*
Or Hector *whose applaud the world doth knowe,*
Or fierce Achilles, *fearefull to his foe:*
Had all these liu'd together in an age,
They had ben combatants, the earth their stage:
Kinde English, yeald vnto your countriman,
As gentle entertainement as you can:
Though he lye quiet, now transform'd in dust,
Sleeping in death, as other mortals must,
With your life-giuing breath, reuiue his fame,
That hath deseru'd an honourable name:
And hauing view'd his actions, wish with me,
That all the knights we haue, were such as he.

S. ROWLANDS

To

To the Honourable Ladies of England.

LAdies, in elder times your ſex did neede,
Knighthoods true valour to defend your rights:
Of admirable actions we doe reede,
Haue bene atchieu'd in cruell bloodie fights,
Fell vgly Serpents were deſtroy'd and ſlaine,
Strange monſters mangled, Giants hew'd in twaine.

But who deſeru'd more in ſuch enterpriſe,
Then worthy *English*, bred where we are borne?
Such as did eaſe and Idlenes deſpiſe,
For armour more then ſilke by them was worne.
Theſe were the champions that for Ladies good,
Would bleed as long as they had drops of blood.

Such was Sir *Guy*, whoſe ſtory heere wee tell,
Valours renowned honourable man:
He lou'd your kinde (in heart) exceeding well,
How can you chuſe but loue his legend than?
Beſtow the reading of it if you pleaſe,
Gainſt melancholy, that ſame dull diſeaſe.

S. Rowlands.

The

The Argument.

GVy of Warwicke (ſonne to Earle Rohands ſteward) in blooming youth of Natures ſpring, fel in loue with the Earles faire daughter Phelis, whoſe diſdayning of him in that he was but a mean gentleman and not by birth anſwerable to her honourable eſtate, did afflict his tormented minde with moſt diſtreſſed paſsions, til in a viſsion Cupid preſents her with the picture of Mars, inioyning her to loue Guy as the admired Champion of all Chriſtendome: vpon this ſhe yeildeth affection, vpon condition of aduentures, vvhich to atchieue he departs into France, and ſhortly returnes vvith trophes of victory and priſes of honour: but Phelis not ſatiſfied, therevvith, he leaues England againe, performing in forraine Countries vvonderful acts: then returning, marries his loue, vvhome after fortie daies he leaues, departing on Pilgrimage to the holy land, effecting in that iourney many ſtrange things: then ſuppoſ'd to be dead comes back diſguiſed & out worn to memory, & fights a cõbat for K. Athelſtone, killing Colbrõ, the great giant of Denmark, freeing therby the kingdom frõ inuaſion: after that, liues obſcurely in a Caue, and comes for almes to his ovvne Caſtle, not reuealing himſelfe till the hower of his death, and then he ſent his ladie a Ring, by which token ſhe knew her husband, and came moſt wofully to cloſe vp his eyes, dying herſelfe ſhortly after him for very griefe and extreame ſorrowe.

Canto

The famous Hiſtory of Guy Earle of Warwicke.

In natures greene vnmellowed yeares,
Cupid tormenteth *Guy*
Inthrals his heart to *Phelis* loue
By obiect of the eye.

Canto. 1.

WHen dreadfull *Mars* in armour eu'ry day,
Lou'd ſtately *Iuno* and *Bellona* beſt,
Before he knewe the Court where *Venus* lay
For then he tooke him-ſelfe to eaſe & reſt;
When all his thoughts vnto the proofe were ſteeld,
And all his actions manag'd for the field,

A knight of his a worthy Engliſh man,
That went like him clad in an yron coat:
In Warwicke with the worlds applaud, began
To be a man of admirable note,
Such was the valoure he aſcended by,
That *Pagans* trembled at the name of *Guy*.

This man compoſd of courage, full of ſpright,
Of hard aduentures and of great deſignes,
To fight with Giants, tooke a chiefe delight,
Or ſearch ſome caue that monſter vnder-mines,
Meete with a Bore to make a bloody fray,
Or combat with a Dragon by the day.

Yet ere he entertaind his loue to armes,
He grew deuoted to the Queene of loue:
Attempting beauties forte with fearce allarmes,
The victory of ſuch a prize to proue,
As elder times before could nere inioy,
A ſweeter face then loſt old *Priam* Troy.

Faire *Phelis* equall match to *Cupids* mother,
A curious creature, and the kingdomes pride,
All ſpacious Brittaine had not ſuch another,
For glorious beautie and good parts beſide,
Twix't her and *Vulcans* wife no ods were kuowne,
But *Venus* had a mole and ſhe had none.

For moſt directly ſhe had *Venus* haire,
The ſame hye fore-head, and atractiue eye,
Her cheekes of Roſes mixt with Lillies faire,
The verry lips of perfit Corall dye,
Iuory teeth, a daintie riſing chinne,
A ſoft touch-pleaſing, ſmoth, and ſilken skinne.

With all perfections, make a peereleſſe cre ature,
From head to foote ſhe had them eu'ry one,
Mirrour ſhe was of comelines and feature,
An *Engliſh Phenix*, ſupreme faire alone,
Whom gaſing-peoples-cenſures thus would grace,
Beautie liues no where but in *Phelis* face.

In *Phelis* face (this obiect of *Guyes* ſight)
Were lookes ot loue, and glaunces of diſdaine,
From thence ſometimes his eye attracts delight,
From thence anon his heart deriueth paine,
One while ſweete ſmiles do giue encouragement,
Another time ſterne lookes worke diſcontent.

Thus on loues ſeas, toſt by the ſtorms of terrour,
Twix't preſent calme, & ſodaine furious blaſt,
Reſoluing loue, yet finding loue in errour,
In freedome chaind, in libertie bound faſt,
He ſighs that fortune doth ſo ſtraungely deale,
To giue a wound, that beautie will not heale.

That beautie will not heale (quoth he fond man)
Thou wrongſt thy ſelfe, and thy faire Goddeſſe to,
By lookes to knowe a womans heart, who can?
And looke on her is onely all I do:
Il'e take another courſe more reſolute,
To ſpeake, or write my honeſt meaning ſuite.

But if I ſhould doe ſo, what hope haue I,
That ſhe will heare my word, or reade my lines?
She is Earle *Rohands* heire, and borne too hye,
To condeſcend vnto my poore deſignes,
Though I a gentleman by birth am knowne,
Earledomes I want and Lordſhips I haue none.

Oh! women are ambitious out of meaſure,
They mount aloft vpon the wings of pride,
And often match more for their worldly treſure,
Then any louing cauſe on earth beſide. (golde,
Which makes ſome wiſh, rather there were no
Then loue for it, ſhould baſe be bought & ſolde.

If ſuch ſhe be (as not be ſuch is rare)
What will my words, or ſighes, or tears preuaile?
I enter then a Laborinth of care,
And ſtriue againſt both winde and tide to ſaile,
A reſtleſſe ſtone with *Siſiphus* I roule,
And heape continuall torments on my ſoule.

Then I attempt to flye with waxen wings,
Where *Phœbus* chariot burnes in brighteſt flame:
And ſhall be cenſur'd that in childiſh thinges,
(As loue) I haue begot eternal ſhame,
Reiected and diſpiſ'd in baſeeſteeme,
To th' enuious world I ſhall no better ſeeme.

But ceaſe loues coward, baniſh thoughts of feare,
Be reſolute, and good ſucceſſe attend thee,
Phelis & force a louing heart muſt beare,
If he that ſhootes loues darts of gould befriend
And by no reaſon he can be thy foe, (thee,
Becauſe thou lou'ſt his Mothers Picture ſo.

I am reſoul'd, goe on to *Phelis* bower,
And from as true a heart as fleſh can yielde,
ntreate her heare me in a bleſſed houre,
And with kinde pittie, all my ſorowes ſhield,
To looke vpon me with remorſe of minde,
That hould my life as her loue is inclinde.

This ſaid, to Warwicke Caſtle he repaires,
VVhere the rich iewell of his heart reman'd:
Earle *Rohand* bids him welcome, and prepares,
VVith hunting ſports, to haue him entertaind,
But there-vnto vnwilling eare he lends,
And ſuddaine ſicknes for excuſe pretends.

The Earle much greeued at this alteration,
Sent his Phiſition for to doe him good:
VVho tolde *Guy*, that his onely preſeruation,
Conſiſted in the preſent letting blood,
And that his body in diſtemprature,
VVas difficult and very hard to cure.

Doctor (quoth *Guy*)tis true, I know as much,
I finde my ſelfe to be exceeding ill,
But ther's a Flower,which it I might touch,
Would heale me better then thy phiſicks skill.
Tis called by a prettie pleaſing name,
And *Felix* ſoundeth ſomewhat nere the ſame.

Quoth the Phiſition,ſir I know it not,
Nor in the hearball read of ſuch a flower,
Yet in this caſtell is it to be got
Said *Guy*,it growes not farre from yonder Tower
Ile finde it out my ſelfe,Doctor refraine,
Gallen had nere the Art to cure my paine.

Left in his paſsions to conuerſe with mone,
As in a window he did ſighing lye:
In a delightfull Garden all alone,
The Empreſſe of his thoughts he did eſpie,
Which to his ſoule did ſuch reioyſing bring,
Feare was depos'd,and hope was crowned king.

Now is the time (quoth he) faire fortunes ſunne,
Shines fauourable on my gloomy cares,
Now may I end the greefe that loue begunne,
And boldly aske good hap,how well ſhe fares:
Now will I enter yonder pleaſant ſhade,
To court the worldes admired beautious Maide.

Phelis I come, aſsiſt me *Cupid* now,
Prepare an Arrow ready for thy bowe,
I neuer went a wooing: teach me how,
Good action with good ſpeech I may beſtowe,
But aboue all things gentle *Cupid* moue her,
That ſhe beleeue me when I ſweare I loue her.

With ſpeede vnto the garden then he goes,
Where one of *Phelis* Damſells lets him in,
And in a curious Arbor of repoſe
Findes *Citherea* with her ſiluer skin,
Whome he ſalutes with grace and maieſtie,
Beholdinge her with loues inchauntinge eye.

Faireſt (quoth he) of all the wor kes of *Nature*,
Whoſe equall neuer breath'd this common aire,
More wonderful then earth can yeild a creature,
For euerie parte belonging vnto faire,
Immortall feature of cœleſtiall frame,
Eternall honour ſtill attend thy name.

I come to thee about the like poore ſuite,
That once *Leander* came to *Hero* with:
Hoping to reape thereby more louely fruit,
Then *Mars* attaind when he deceiu'd the Smith.
Ti's onely loue that I with heart preſent,
Ti's onely loue muſt giue my ſoule content.

Incline ſweet Ladie to mine humble motion,
Compaſſionate the griefe that I endure,
Regard my life which reſts at thy deuotion,
VVith pittie take my dying heart in cure,
O let it not in groaning torments ſwell,
And breake in twaine becauſe it loues thee well.

Great Princes loue thee, this I knew before,
And deedes of honour for thy name haue done:
But neither King, nor Prince, can loue thee more,
Then doth poore *Guy* thy fathers ſtewards ſonne,
His loue to thee is ſo ineſtimable,
To counteruaile it, all they are not able.

Phelis thus interrupts his proteſtation,
No more of loue, ceaſe gentle youth quoth ſhe,
I haue a minde fram'd of another faſhion,
Virginitie ſhall liue and dye with me,
Loue is compos'd of idlenes and play,
And leads to vaine delights, delights that ſtray.

Beſides, it ill beſeemes thee be ſo bould,
Inferiour and vnfit for my degree,
And if vnto my father this were tould,
I know it would procure reproofe to thee,
The Prouerb in this point might make thee wiſe,
That princely Eagles ſcornes the catching flies.

And

And with this anſwere ſhe departeth thence,
Leauing poore *Guy* worſe vexed then before,
For now in deepe deſpaire of recompence,
He neuer doth expect loues comfort more,
But vnto ſorrow, ſighes and teares doth giue,
Wiſhing each day the laſt he had to liue.

Guy in ſtraunge paſſions for his loue,
Great torments doth indure,
Till *Phelis* ſees a viſion, and
Doth yeeld her patient cure.

Canto. 2.

WIth tired thoughts remaines this woful wight
Diſtracted in his melancholly minde,
Pertaking nothing that containes delight,
Al thinges are harſh, diſtaſtful out of kinde.
Phelis denies him loue, whoſe ſound of breath,
Is like the iudge that doomes a man to death.

Like to *Oreſtes* in his franticke fits,
He tare the golden treſſes from his head,
Or mad *Orlando* quite depriu'd of wits,
From whome the vſe of ſence and reaſon fled,
So fares it with this loue-tormented man,
Whoſe raging thoughts into diſorder ran.

Societie he ſhuns, and keepes alone,
Accuſing deſt'ny, and curſing beautie,
He hates himſelfe and is a friend to none,
Beyond the limmits of all loue and duetie:
Venus (quoth he) how are thy lawes forgot,
Thus to afflict him that offends thee not?

VVhat is the cauſe I am reiected thus?
VVho intercepts my loue to beauties mirrour,
Il'e drag him hence, to roaring *Erebus*,
There to be plunged in eternall terror, (cries
Il'e to I*oues* court, and there with ſhowtes and
Make ſuch a clangor as ſhall rent the skies.

Shall I be couſen'd as *Orpheus* was,
Aſſiſt me *Theſeus* to reuenge this vvrong,
Where's *Rhadamant*? that iuſtice cannot paſſe,
Eurydice is ſolde euen for a ſong:
Fiends, Furies, Goblins, Hidraes, for a fall,
I am prepar'd to manage vvith you all.

Il'e mount vppon the backe of *Pegaſus*,
And in bright *Phebus* flames my ſelf wil vvrap:
Then vvill I tumble vvindie *Eolus*,
To ſleepe in *Thetis* watery chriſtall lap.
From thence ile poſt vnto the torrid *zone*,
To finde vvhich vvay faire *phelis* loue is gone.

Iaſon

Iason had lucke to vvin the Golden-fleece,
I like the skin, but for the horncs I care not:
Fayre *Hellen* vvas a vvaggiſh vvench of *Greece*,
Bould *Mars* vvil venter, baſhful *Venus* dare not
Truſt a faire face, not I, let him that liſt,
VVhat's *Hercules* vvithout a club in's fiſt?

Thus for a time his ſences vvere depriued,
Being left by loue, as blinde as *Cupids* eyes,
Till reaſon to perfections ſtate reuiued,
And extreame paſsions ceaſ'd to tirannize:
For in a viſion *Phelis* did deſcry,
The power of loue, and yields her heart to *Guy*.

By *Morpheus* poſſeſt of quiet ſleepe,
In dead of night vvhen viſions doe appeer,
The heart tormenter, he that pierceth deepe,
And maketh louers buy their bargaines deere,
Sends from his bowe a ſhaft with golden head,
And woundeth *Phelis* in her maiden bed.

Before her he preſents a martiall wight,
Clad all in armor, for encounters fit,
And ſaies, ſweet Virgin loue this man of might,
Giue him thy heart *for he doth merrit it*,
For valour, courage, comely ſhape, and limme:
The world hath not Cahampion like to him.

Faire Phelis *in a Viſion,*
Entertaines the loue of Guy,

Inioyning him aduentures ſtrange,
His manly force to trie.

Great honour Ladie thou ſhalt gaine heerby,
T'adorne thy noble and renowned birth:
He ſhall aſpire vnto ſuch majeſtie,
His name will be a terror on the earth,
He ſhall become a champion vnto Kings,
And by the ſword performe admired things.

Be not ambitious that thou art high borne,
Be not diſdainefull of a mean eſtate,
Be not defiled with the brand of ſcorne,
Be not to prowd that thou art beauties mate,
For ti's in vaine too ſtriue againſt my bowe,
If I ſay loue, it muſt and ſhall be ſo.

Fix not thy thoughts baſely on worldly wealth,
(Quoine ſhould not be foundation vnto loue)
Corrupted hearts it drawes away by ſtealth,
Theſe mony-matches cannot happy proue,
For as the goods of fortune doth decay,
So loue which they beget conſumes away.

I knowe how *Plutoes* golden treaſure ſwayes,
By diueliſh and accurſed falſe illuſion:
I knowe how womens humors now adaies,
Run after riches to their ovvne confuſion,
I ſee the peaſant of moſt abject life,
VVith gold enough can buy a daintie wife.

But

But *Phelis* if thou knew'ſt aſmuch as I,
How baſe the Gods eſteeme of ſuch abuſes,
When beautie ſels, and riches comes to buy,
Which are not made for one anothers vſes,
Thou wouldeſt ſcorne that maidens ſhould be
As cattell are, for ſiluer and for gould. (ſould,

Loue muſt be ſimple, harmeleſſe, pure & plaine,
And take originall from true affection,
It muſt reciprocall returne againe,
Or elſe it doth diſcouer imperfection, (deeds,
Loues inward thoughts concurre with outward
Such as from loialtie and truth proceedes

Thy louer comes not for aduancement to thee,
In that thy father is a worthy Earle,
It is not dowry that can cauſe him wooe thee,
Had'ſt thou th' *Arabian* golde, or *Indian* pearle:
But as great *Iupiter* to *Leda* came,
For a ſweet face, his purpoſe is the ſame.

Therefore kinde Virgin vſe him kindly well,
Make much of *Guy*, imbrace him for thine own
Afford him loue-roome in thy heart to dvvell,
Let him no longer liue in penſiue mone,
But the next time thou dooſt behold his face,
Giue him encouragement, with kinde imbrace.

And

And vvith that word(imbrace)he ſhot, and hit
The verry center of her tender hart :
Feeling the vvound,ſhe ſtarts avvake vvith it,
Being taught thereby to pittie louers ſmart,
For *Cupid* drew his arrow to the head,
Becauſe he would be ſure ſhe ſhould be ſped.

Wit h that ſhe fetch'd a ſigh,a greeuous one,
And from her eyes a ſhewer of teares did fall:
Where is(quoth ſhe)the gentle loue-god gone,
VVhoſe power I finde is powerfull vnto all?
Oh call him backe,my fault I doe confeſſe,
I haue in loue bene too too pittiles.

Sweet boy,ſolicite for me to thy mother,
And at her Alters I will ſacrifice:
From this day foorth,I will adore no other,
No Goddeſſe ſhall be gratious in mine eyes,
But ſhe that hath imperious rule and might,
To leade obdurate hearts,to kinde delight.

Compaſsion now hath worthy conqueſt made,
Of that ſtrong forte which did reſiſtance make,
One ſhatt hath bin ſufficient to perſwade,
A league for life,a truce til death to take:
Guy more then life doth *Phelis* loue preferre,
Phelis affects *Guy* deere,as he doth her.

But vnto him her loue is yet vnknowne,
Though his be made apparant long before,
He vnderſtands not that ſhe is his owne,
He feeles no ſalue apply'd vnto his ſore,
Till forc'd by paſsions, and conſtrayn'd laments
A ſecond ſuite, he bouldly thus preſents.

Phelis, I was arraigned longe agoe,
And now I looke for iudgement at thy hand:
I haue bene priſoner in a iayle of woe,
So long, that ſpeedy ſentence I demaund,
Oh ſpeake vnto me, either life or death:
For I am tired with my vitall breath.

If kindenes dwell in that faire ſhape of thine,
Expreſſe it with I loue, if none there be,
Then ſay I cannot vnto loue incline,
And ſo thou mak'ſt a quicke diſpatch of me.
Cenſure me ſodaine, either ſmile or frovvne,
I vvil not liue thus for the kingdomes Crovvne.

Phelis repli'd, ti's not at my diſpoſe,
To faſhion loue vvithout my friends conſent,
What, would you vviſh me to be one of thoſe
That are to Parents diſobedient?
Shall fond affection ouer-rule the vvill,
And do you good to be accounted ill.

You knowe my fathers greatnes in the land,
And if he ſhould (as ther's none other like)
The loue of one too mean for me withſtand,
How could we beare the ſtroake diſgrace would ſtrike,
Nothing but death could make my ſorrow ſweete,
And ſhame would wrap me in a winding ſheete.

Doubt not of father in this caſe (quoth he)
For *Warwicks* Earle that honourable man,
Shall ſee ſuch deedes of valour done by me,
To haue diſlike he neither will nor can:
Inioyne me what aduentures thou think'ſt good,
That wounds, and ſcarres, may let my bodie blood.

Why then (quoth ſhe) *Guy* make thy valour ſhine,
Through-out the world, as glorious as the Sun,
My heart, my ſoule, my life, my loue, is thine,
When deedes of honour by thy hand are done:
Make thy ſelfe famous by a martial life,
And then take *Phelis* for thy lawful wife.

I aske no more (ſaide he) to gaine thy loue,
I ſhall eſteeme't bought at an eaſie rate:
Oh that I were at worke my taske to proue,
With *Hercules* or ſome ſuch churliſh mate,
Phelis farwel, this kiſſe thou giueſt mee,
Shall make a number kiſſe the ground for thee.

From England *Guy* to France doth goe,
Where deedes of armes are donne:
And thence returnes triumphantly,
With all the prizes wonne.

Canto. 3.

INlarg'd from ſorrowes thraldome, by hopes bayle,
Guy armes his thoughts with honors enterprize,
Imbarkes himſelfe, and into France doth ſaile,
Leauing faire England, where his comfort lyes:
He ſeekes for enemies, he longs for foes,
And now deſires to be a dealing blowes.

In Normandie arriu'd, he vnderſtands,
That there was warlike buſines to be donne
For valiant knights, from diuers chriſtian lands,
The race of valour did intend to runne,
A great aduenture was propounded there,
VVhich newes was muſique to his greedy eare.

The prize that drew them all vnto that place,
VVas daughter to the *Almaine* Emperour (face
Faire *Blaunch*, with ſuch a wondrous heauenly
It had attractiue beautie full of power:
In her ſuch graces did vnite together, (ther
The VVorthies of the world came poſting the-

VVho

Who wonne the damſell (it was thus decreed)
By manly courage and victorious might,
Should haue her mouted on a milk-white-Steed
Two Gray-hounds and a Falcon all as white:
This was his Lot that could attaine the day,
To beare the honour and the maide away.

Our Engliſh knight prepares him for the field,
Where Kings were preſent, Princes did repaire,
Where Dukes & Earles a great aſſembly held,
About the face that was ſo wondrous faire,
Though only one muſt ſpeed, & hundreds miſſe
Yet each man there imagin's *Blaunch* is his.

The ſpatious field where they aſſembled were
Hardly affourdeth roome for armed crowdes,
The golde glittering armour that was there,
Did dart the ſun-beames back vnto the clowdes
The pampre'd horſes proudly ſtampt the grouud
To heare the clangor of the trumpets ſound.

A Germaine Prince of an vndaunted ſprite,
A firſt and verry fierce encounter gaue,
Vnto an Earle, whoſe valour did requite,
With blowe for blowe as reſolutely, braue,
Till by a ſtroak the Earle receiu'd on's head,
He was vnhor'ſt, falling to ground for dead,

Then *Guy* came forth with courage to the Prince,
And deales with him as *Hercules* would doe:
Like force he neuer felt before nor ſince,
Such hard extreames he nere was put vnto,
Iuſt where himſelfe had laide the Earle in ſound,
There downe comes he, both horſe and man to ground.

Duke *Otton* ſeeing this, was in a rage,
And deſp'rate humor did incenſe him ſo,
He vowd by heauens, nothing ſhould aſſwage
His fury, but the death of that prowd foe,
Prepare thee fiend to breath thy laſt (quoth he)
Monſter or Diuell, whatſo-ere thou be.

They ioyne together by a dreadfull fight,
That ſplinters flye, & clattering armor ſounds:
The duſt aſcendeth vp, and blinds their ſight,
The blood allaies it ſtreaming from their woũds:
Both their ſwords breake, they light, & on his backe
Guy threw the Duke, that euen his bones did cracke.

Duke *Ranier* would reuenge his coſen then,
And for encounter he prepareth next,
Quoth *Guy* I finde y'are wretches and no men,
That with a blowe or fall ſo ſoone be vext,
But come and welcome, I am for you all,
We ſay in *England*, *weakeſt muſt to wall.*

They

They ruſh together that the ground did ſhake,
While animating trumpets ſound allarume,
In *Rapiers* ſhoulder *Guy* a wound did make,
Whereby he loſt the vſe of his right arme,
Yeelding himſelfe as others did before,
Vnable once to weild his weapon more.

Then for a while all ſtood amaz'd at *Guy*,
And not a man was forward to proceed,
Till *Louaines* Duke his fortunes ment to trie,
Hauing good hope that he ſhold better ſpeed.
VVell mounted, and well arm'd, he faire did ſit,
On a prowd ſteede, that ill endur'd the bit.

I thinke quoth he thou ſome inchanter art,
That haſt the force of magicke in thine arme,
Ile teach thee to beleeue it ere wee part
Qd. *Guy*, for thou ſhalt feele that I can charme,
Il'e coniure thee euen with an yron ſpel:
My ſword ſhall ſend thee vnto heauen or hell.

With that he lent him ſuch a cruell ſtroake,
That tother did returne a weake reply,
With ſecond and a third his helmet broke,
Hold, hold quoth he, Ile rather yeeld then dye,
Fight for a woman! he that liſt for me:
I thinke the diuell cannot deale with thee.

Then

Then not a man that would encounter more,
They all were terrified and ſtood in feare,
And in a rage amongſt themſelues they ſwore,
VVhat, ſhall a ſtraunger all the honour beare
Of this great day? what curſed fortune's this,
That all the glory of the field is his?

Amongſt themſelues his happines they curſt,
In enuies heat, not knowing what to doe,
they could haue kild him, but that no man durſt
Put his owne life in hazard there-vnto.
If wiſhes might haue don it, he had dyed,
But fight with him, not any could abide.

The Emperour, for *Guy* a knight did ſend,
Asking his name & birth-place, which he tould:
Then ſaide his maieſtie, I much commend
Thy haughtie courage, reſolutely bould,
Braue Engliſh-man, that art thy countries pride
In *Europe* liues not ſuch a man beſide.

I doe admire thy worth, thy valour's great,
To ſpeake thy praiſe my tongue wil not ſuffice
Aſcend to honours iuſt deſerued ſeat,
That art a ſecond *Hector* in mine eyes, (more
This day thy worthy hand hath ſhowne me
Then in my life I euer ſawe before.

Come

Come and receiue thy dew deſert from mee,
My daughters loue is free at thy diſpoſe, (thee,
The Gray-hounds, Steed,& Faulcon take to
Thy worthynes doth merrit more then thoſe,
Hould, heere's a Iewell, weare it for my ſake,
VVhich Ia witnes of my loue do make.

Guy thank'd his highnes for his gratious fauour,
And vowd him ſeruice while his life did laſt,
Then to the Princeſſe with al milde behauiour,
A reuerent, humble, modeſt looke he caſt:
Saying faire Ladie fortune is my friend,
That doth ſuch beautie to my lot extend.

Madam accept your loyall Engliſh Knight, (it
To do true ſeruice when you pleaſe commaund
VVho while he hath a drop of blood wil fight,
In your behalfe againſt who dare withſtand it,
To be your huſband, is degree to hye,
Ti's grace ſufficient, call me ſeruaunt *Guy*.

In England doth my mariage loue remaine,
To whome I muſt and will be true for euer
About whoſe face nature hath tooke ſuch pain,
I durſt haue ſworne fleſhe could haue match'd it neuer,
But now I finde (that curiouſly haue eyd her,
There is a *Phenix* in the world beſide her.

And that's your ſelfe, I, dare the world deny it?
But which is faireſt, eies cannot decide,
No humane Iudgement in the world can try it,
who hath moſt beauty, *Blaũch* or my faire bride
I dare be bold to call you beauties twinnes,
And *Venus* black-amore to both your skinnes.

Oh *Phelis* heer's thy picture in this Princeſſe,
Me thinks th'art preſent in her louely looke,
Thou that of my ſoules faculties art miſtris,
Recorded in *Times* braſen-leaued booke,
To thee if I proue falſe or be miſled,
Ioues fearfull vengeance light vpon my head.

Quoth *Blaunch*, thy cõſtancy (and ſighed deepe)
Is highly to be praised, thou doſt well:
He that Loues-promiſe will not faithfull keep,
In horrour and in torments let him dwell.
But I ſuppoſe thy vowes are yet to make, (take
And ſo what thy ſword won, thy heart may

What I auouch is truth the heauens knowes,
My proteſtations are aboue the skies:
Madam, the Sun declines, day antient growes,
Il'e take my leaue of you in humble wiſe,
My body is vnto repoſe inclin'd,
Although no reſt be in my troubled minde.

My

My troubled minde's in *Warwicke* Caſtle now,
Although my body be in Normandie:
Heere I make others bend, there I do bow,
And lowly as the humble ground doe lye,
Euen at loues feet I caſt my ſelfe to ground,
Though victory my temples here hath crownd.

I cannot ſtay, I muſt to England backe,
My minde miſ-giues me *Phelis* is not well,
Like my ſad thoughts my Armour ſhal be black
I le ſuite me in a mournfull yron ſhell: (cares,
For where the minde meetes with ſuſpitious
Diſtruſt is euer dealing doubtfull ſhares.

Yet I haue much good fortune on my ſide,
That knowe the meanes how to attaine my
For *Phelis* loue is to conditions tyed, (bliſſe:
And I doe truſt ſhe is mine owne by this,
By this ſhe may, but if ſhe more require,
There's nothing in the world I will deny her.

With haſty iourney he is homeward bound,
Leauing the vulgar to their nine daies wonder,
Ariuing ſafely in the Engliſh ground,
Poaſting to her, ſuppoſd to long aſunder, (hold
Whome with more ioy his chearfull lookes be-
Then can by pen, and lines of incke be tolde.

In France, *all knights of Chriſtendome,*
To winne a Princeſſe meete,

Guy conquers all and wins the Prize
Then doth his Goddeſſe greete.

With the rewardes of victorie
Guy doth his Loue preſent:
But *Phelis* is not ſatiſfied,
Him foorth againe ſhe ſent.

Canto. 4.

N the ſuppoſed hauen of repoſe,
Hope caſteth Ancker for his Barke to ride,
With kinde ſalute vnto his loue he goes,
Who giues imbracemẽts,& al things beſide
Befits affection, all ſuch complements,
As loue can looke for, gratious ſhe preſents.

Faire foe (quoth *Guy*) I come to challenge thee,
For there's no men that I can meet, will fight,
I haue bene where a crew of cowards be,
Not one that dare maintaine a Ladies right,
Good proper fellowes of their tongues and tall,
That let me winne a Princeſſe from them all.

Phelis, this ſword hath wonne an Emperours doughter
As ſweet a wench as liues in *Europes* ſpace,
At price of blowes, and bloody woundes I bought her,
VVell worth my bargaine, but thy better face
Hath made me leaue her, to ſome other Lot,
For I proteſt by heauens I loue her not.

This ſtately Steed, this Falcon an theſe Hounds
I tooke, as in full paiment for the reſt:
For I will keepe my loue within the bounds,
That doe encloſe the compaſſe of thy breaſt,
My conſtancy to thee is all my care,
Leauing all other women as they are.

But ſweet heart tell me, ſhall I haue thee now?
Wilt thou conſent the prieſt ſhall doe his part?
Art thou reſolued ſtill to keepe thy vowe?
Is none but I halfe with thee in thy heart? (life
Canſt thou forſake the world, change maidens
And helpe thy faithfull louer to a wife?

Qd. *Phelis*, worthy knight my ioyes are great,
To vnderſtand thy honourable deedes,
It ſeemes ſome were in ſuch a bloody ſweat,
Their valor, fame, and reputation bleedes,
I giue thee humble thanks that for my ſake,
Such hard aduentures did'ſt vouchſafe to take.

To win a Princeſſe was a pretious prize,
But ſure me thinks if I had bene ſir *Guy*,
She ſhould haue foũd more fauour in mine eies
Then take a horſe and turne a Lady by,
What is a Horſe, a Falcon, and a Hound,
More worthfull then a Lady ſo renownd?

Perhaps

Perhaps you'le ſay t'is done for loue of mee,
I doe imagine, nay beleeue it ſo:
And though I ieſt, I will doe more for thee,
Then thou or any but my ſelfe doth knowe,
Ile neuer marry while lifes glaſſe doth run,
But onely thee, thee or Ile dye a Nun.

But giue me leaue to ſpeak my mind(deere loue)
Let me locke vp my ſecrets in thy breaſt,
I had a viſion did affection moue,
Cupid came to me in my quiet reſt,
And did commaund me in his mothers name,
To loue thee: thus perſwading to the ſame,

An armed man (iuſt as I ſee thee now)
He ſet before me ſpeaking to me thus:
Phelis be gentle-hearted, yeelding, bow,
Do not oppoſe againſt the power of vs,
But all thy loue, thy loyaltie and truth
Beſtowe it freely on this matchles youth.

Throughout the world his fame ſhall be admi-
And mightie men ſhall trẽble at his wrath (red
To end kings quarrels he ſhall be required,
His worthynes ſhal tread no common path,
But actions to be feard he ſhall effect,
Matters of moment, things of great reſpect.

This

This (in effect) he did to me relate,
And I haue bin obedient to his will,
Now if I would, I knowe not how to hate,
Of perfect kindenes I am taught the skill:
Beleeue me Guy, for if it were not so,
This secret of my heart thou ſholdſt not know.

But now my loue, before thou muſt poſſeſſe,
Thy conſtant *Phelis* in her mariage bed,
Thou muſt do deedes of greater worthynes,
Then winning of a Lady with her ſteed,
Ile euer loue thee, though thou nere do more,
But will not grant the vſe of loue before.

Not grant me vſe of loue (quoth he) faire friend?
Why then of force I muſt abroad againe,
I will content thee, or Il'e make an end
One way or other, ſlay or els be ſlaine,
Ere I returne againe into this Realme,
Thou ſhalt confeſſe I haue fulfild thy dreame.

Aſsiſt me heauens as I meane vpright,
For I proteſt by all the powers deuine,
No vniuſt quarrell ſhall procure me fight,
To wrong the wronged I will neare incline,
But ſtand for thoſe that by oppreſſion fall,
Is honours venture, be it life and all.

Come

Come my *Bellona* do thou gird my ſword,
Imbrace my armor in thine iuory armes,
And ſuch kinde kiſſes as thou canſt affoord,
Beſtowe vppon me in the ſtead of charmes,
I thinke vppon *Vliſſes* lou ing wife,
How thou art now to inmitate her life.

Farewell my *Phelis*, health and happines
Attend thee euer to thy hearts deſire,
And I beſeech God grant me like ſucceſſe,
As I reſolue my loue to thee intire:
At my returne, when Mars his buſines ends,
My comfort is, *Hymen* will make a mends.

And ſo vnto Earle *Roband* he repaires,
And tels him, he is come to take his leaue,
He muſt ſeeke out where honor dealeth ſhares,
To purchaſe that which worthy men receiue:
At home (ſaies he) my honourable Lord,
I finde that valour nothing will affoord.

Therefore Il' ſearch abroad whats to be don,
From country vnto kingdome Il'e reſort,
By Natures courſe my glaſſe hath much to run:
I well may ſpare ſome yeres for fighting ſport,
Of idlenes there's nothing comes but euil,
I hate a coward as I hate the Deuil.

Guy (qd. the Earle) thou makſt me greeue at this:
The newes is more then I can wel indure,
Thy wiſhed company ſo ſoone to miſſe,
When I did make account I had bene ſure
Poſſeſt of thee, at thy late trauailes end,
And doſt thou now iournies of new intend?

Remaine with me, truſt not to Fortunes power,
Though now ſhe haue ſo well and kindely delt,
She may alot thee an vnlucky hower,
That inſtantly her fauours ſo haſt felt,
Her curteſies are moſt vnconſtant things
Beleeue her not, ſhe dealeth falſe with Kings.

Triumphant on her wheele thou now doſt ſit,
And with Fames trump thy glory doth remaine
Oh doe not ouer-raſhly hazard it,
Loſt honour, is not eaſie got againe,
May not one curſed and vnhappie blowe,
Betray thy life to thy Inſulting foe?

May not a Monſter or a ſaluage beaſt,
At vnawares depriue thee of thy breath?
May not a Tirant when thou thinkeſt leaſt,
Cut of thy courſe by an vntimely death?
May not a thouſand daungers on thee light,
Where but thy ſelfe, thy wronged ſelfe muſt right?

Quoth

(Qd. *Guy*) my Lord, daunger he may not feare,
That to aduentures doth himſelfe diſpoſe,
He muſt a minde of reſolution beare,
And thinke himſelfe too good for all his foes:
Ile neuer dread I ſhall be ouer-mand,
While I haue hands to fight, & legs to ſtand.

Therefore in humble ſort I leaue your honour,
Wiſhing all health vnto your happy ſtate,
If Fortune take a frowning moode vppon her,
Why, ſhe ſhall ſee I will diſdaine her hate,
What ſtarre ſoeuer ſwaid when I was borne,
I beare a minde will laugh miſhap to ſcorne.

Guy to the Duke of Louaine goes,
And ioynes with him in ſtrength:
Againſt the Emperour *Reynere*,
Then makes his peace at length.

Canto. 5.

NOw *Guy* expects a fauourable gaile,
Which to his hearts deſire he doth attaine,
And with a ſpeedy paſſage he dooth ſaile,
To ſeeke aduentures out in France againe:
Where finding none, from thence away he hyes
To Louaine, where in ſiege the Emperour lyes.

For *Segwine* Duke of Louain's hap was ſuch,
At Turnament a noble man to kill,
The Emperours couſen, whome he loued much,
And tooke the death of him exceeding ill,
So that a quarrell therevpon aroſe:
And warre enſewd betwixt two mighty foes.

Thether goes *Guy* to lend the duke his aide;
But in the way an accident befell:
For by Duke *Otton* he was falſe betraide,
And's life in queſtion, which he freed well.
Otton in Fraunce before diſgrac'd by *Guy*:
Had vow'd where ere he met him he ſhould die.

And to that end ſixteene appointed were,
To lye in ambuſh and ſurpriſe him ſo,
All men of reſolution, void of feare,
That in a Forreſt did themſelues beſtowe,
And ſet on *Guy*, onely with three knights more:
The like diſtreſſe he nere was in before.

Now gentle-men, & louing friends (quoth he)
Shew your ſelues Engliſh-hearted, rightly bred:
Heere is ſome ods; ſixteene vnto you three,
But I the fourth will ſtand you in good ſted:
You three ſhall combat ſix, that's two for one,
And with the other ten let me alone.

Where-with he drew his ſword, and laid about,
That ratling armor eccho'd in the skie:
Dealing ſo reſolute amongſt the rout,
That downe they drop on euery ſide and dye,
Here lyeth one that hath no legs to ſtand,
And there another wanting head and hand.

Guy quickly made diſpatch with his halfe ſcore,
He was not long in ridding them away,
But then remained halfe a dozen more,
Which two of his moſt worthy knights did ſlay
When he perceiu'd them fal, he ſtãpt the groũd,
And vtter'd forth this fearefull angry ſound.

Ah villaines, how my ſoule abhorres this ſight:
For theſe, how my reuenging paſsions ſtriues?
This bloody deede, with blood I will requite,
You dye for it had each a thouſand liues,
Two ſlaine out-right and *Herauld* wounded to:
Is the laſt curſed act that you ſhall do.

with force (as t'were exceeding humane ſtrẽgth)
He layes vppon them, blowes to ſtagger vnder,
And brings them breathles to the ground at length,
Cut all in peece-meale for the crowes aſunder:
There lye (qd. he) and feaſt fowles of the aire.
Or feede thoſe ſaluage beaſts that will repaire.

But theſe ſweet Gentlemen that haue reſign'd
Their deereſt liues euen for the loue of me,
And came from England as their loue inclin'd,
Companions in my hardeſt haps to be,
I will interre in honourable wiſe,
With beſt ſolemnitie I can deuiſe.

From thence vnto a Hermit dwelling nye
He rode, and did commit that charge with care,
VVho did performe the office carefully,
And *Heraud* home vnto his Cel he bare, (ſlaine
VVho was not dead, though *Guy* ſuppos'd him
But by the Hermit was reſtord againe.

Now forth goes *Guy*, penſiue, perplexed, ſad,
Grieuing that deſteny ſo cruell delt,
For left alone, no company he had
To eaſe the torments that in heart he felt,
Till trauailing along, at laſt he found,
A place for honor, very much renownd.

There did he meete with tilt and turnament,
And entertaind both glory and delight,
There Fortune yeelded him her full conſent,
To winne the beſt of euery valiant knight,
Of all the worthy men that did reſort, (court.
Not one could match him in Duke *Reyners*

Then

Then to the Duke of *Millaine* he repaires,
Where by his worth he is admir'd of all:
And vnderſtanding that ſome great affaires,
Twix't *Segwin* Duke of *Louaine* did befall,
And th'Emperour, *Millaine* he doth forſake,
And towards *Louaine* doth his iourney take.

As he doth paſſe vpon the way, he meetes
A pilgrime, that with trauaile ſeemed faint:
Who in all humane courteſie he greets,
And with ſome newes intreats him to acquaint
His longing eare, he with a ſigh or two,
Saide ſir, with newes I little haue to doe.

One thing in all the world is all my care,
And onely that, and nothing elſe I minde;
I ſeeke a man, and ſeeke him in deſpaire,
Becauſe I long haue ſought and cannot finde,
A man more deerely to my ſoules loue tied,
Then all the men are in the world beſide.

Why what art thou (qd. *Guy*) or who is he?
Of kindenes be ſo kind as tell in briefe?
I am an Engliſh-man, of knights degree,
(Quoth *Herauld*) and the ſubiect of my griefe,
Is loſſe of one ſir *Guy*, my country-man: (than.
Guy with ioyes teares lights to embrace him

And

And art thou liuing *Heraud* my deere friend,
(Quoth he) and kindly tooke him in his armes?
Then chearfully let ſorrowes all take end,
And let me know, who cur'd thee of thy harmes?
The good old Hermit by his skill did ſaue me,
With wholſome medcines, & ſalues he gaue me.

Guy did reioyce, and *Herauds* ioyes abound,
At this ſo good and happy accident:
No angry ſtarre in oppoſition fround,
But each was owner of his owne content.
So poaſting with good Fortune on their ſide,
Vnto the Duke of Louaine they do ride.

The Cittie in diſtreſſe beſieg'd they finde,
And verry ſmall reſiſtance could be made,
But *Segwine* was right ioyfull in his minde,
That worthy *Guy* was come vnto his aide,
For now (quoth he) bouldly preſume I can
We haue an honourable valiant man.

Aduiſe me warlike knight, what's to be don,
To free the preſent danger we are in?
My Lord (qd. *Guy*) there's freedome to be won,
Euen by a courſe my ſelfe will firſt begin,
Let's iſſue foorth vppon them ſodainely,
Our courages will make the cowards flye.

Ile

Ile giue conſent to any thing thou wilt,
Thy project willingly I doe approue:
Let limbe be loſt, let life and blood be ſpilt
All followes thee that comes to me in loue,
Open the gates, lets beat them from our walles:
He lies no lower then the ground that falles.

Then ſodainely the Cittie they forſake,
And on the Almaines reſolutely ſet,
Where ſuch a bloodie ſlaughter they did make
That many thouſand liues paid death his debt,
Of thirtie thouſand that in ſiege there lay,
Scarſe thirtie hundred that eſcap'd away.

The Emperour at this was much agreeu'd,
And with new forces gaue a new aſſault:
Knowing the Cittie could not be releeu'd,
And then their ſtrength would weaken by de-
So comes vpon them with a freſh ſupply (fault
Thinking at length to famiſh them thereby.

Guy and the Duke vppon the walles appeare,
And tell him he ſhall neuer winne their towne
For they can ſpare his Soldiers much good chear
Throwing them victuals in aboundance downe
Intreating them if they want more then that,
To ſpeake, they ſhal haue ſtore to make thē fat:

But

But now (qd. *Guy*) your ſtomackes are well fed,
How do you feele your ſtomackes to goe fight?
I am afraid you are not rightly bred,
But dunghils that will ſooner crowe then bite:
For ſtill when cowards do begin a fray,
Looke ere it end to ſee them run away.

And ſo your ſelues haue lately done we ſee,
Your tonges were heard, but hands ther's no man feeles,
Moſt hot to brabble and contend you be,
But wondrous quicke & nimble at your heeles,
We did ſuſpect when you came heere to forage,
VVe ſhould haue bene incombred with your courage.

But t'is not ſo, alas y'are not the men,
Vnleſſe perhaps aſleepe you ſhould vs catch:
For waking weele encounter one to ten,
And neuer wiſh to haue a better match,
Haue at you once againe, ſit faſt, we come,
March on my hearts, ſound trumpets, ſtrike vp drum.

Vpon the ſodaine, with the foe they be,
Fighting as mē that laugh'd pale death to ſcorne:
Reſolued now they would their cittie free,
Or neuer liue to ſee the next day morne:
Much bloud was ſhed, great ſtore of liues it coſt,
And on the Almaine ſide the field was loſt.

The Duke and *Guy* purſue their foes in chaſe,
Who like ſo many hares away doe flye,
Wiſhing that they had wings to mēd their pace
So ſweet is life to them that feare to dye,
But Fortune in an angry doome decreed,
Their glory, honour, fame & life ſhould bleed.

The victors to the Cittie then retired,
VVith Trophes of triumphant glory wonne,
And all that heard the action much admired,
The great exploit ſo reſolutely donne:
But vnto *Guy* the Duke all thanks did yield,
For thou (quoth he) art *Cæſar* of our field.

My Lord(quoth *Guy* I ioy not halfe ſo much,
That we haue wrought a freedom by the ſword
As I ſhould glory, if my hap were ſuch,
T'wixt you and th'Emperour to make accord,
Giue me but leaue, I wil endeuour it,
And put good-will to a blunt Soldiers wit.

The Duke conſents with thanks, & doth entreat
Him take a guard of Soldiers forth the towne,
Danger that ſeemes but little, may proue great,
I would not haue thee wrong'd for *Reiners*
Go honorable man, what thou ſhalt do, (crown
Ile ſet my hand, my heart, my life thereto.

Guy goes vnto the Emperour, ſpeaks thus:
High maieſtie, all health vnto thy grace,
And peace to thee, if thou ſay peace to vs,
And loue to thee if thou wilt loue imbrace:
As we are Chriſtians let vs warre no more,
But fight gainſt ſuch as will not God adore.

We ſue not to thee in a ſeruile manner,
As dreading any power or force thou haſt,
For victory doth now diſplay our banner,
And war yields vs a ſweet and pleaſing taſt:
No cauſe doth moue it, but a conſcience cauſe,
To bring the Heathens to religious lawes.

Speake *Reynere* and reſolue, what wilt thou do?
With Soldiers breuitie my meſſage ends:
Giue me an anſwere een as briefe thereto,
Shall we be Chriſtian foes, or Chriſtian friends?
Shal we amongſt our ſelues that name deuide?
Or challenge thoſe that haue the ſame denide?

Braue Engliſhman hadſt thou ſpoke thus before
Thouſands (qd. he) had liu'd, which now are ſlaine
Earth ſhold haue wāted of that ſlaughtred ſtore
Which in her vaſtie bowels now remaine,
Thou haſt preuaild with me, here war ſhal ceaſe
And I embrace thee as as a friend of peace.

Thy

Thy motion tendes to honour, honours knight,
And thou ſhalt liue in fames immortall praiſe:
When thou art buried in eternall night,
Thy name ſhall laſt the longeſt length of daies,
Thou doſt the Worthies of the world exceed,
Bleſt be the country did thy perſon breede.

Come one my lige (qd. *Guy*) vnto the towne,
And with Duke *Segwine* there a league renew,
Our ends ſhall be to pull the Pagans downe,
That vnto Chriſts religion are vntrew,
My greateſt ioy will be to heare it ſaide,
This is the beſt daies worke that ere *Guy* made.

Guy with a thouſand choſen men,
Againſt the Pagans goest
And makes them curſe that ere they felt
The force of Chriſtians blowes.

Canto. 6.

THe power of peace hath vanquiſhd ſtubborne war
And mightie princes worthily conclude,
The ſword ſhall ruſt inſheath before it iarre,
To be with blood of innocents imbrew'd:
Chriſtians in name and action do vnite,
Gainſt vnbeleeuing Infidels to fight.

Guy with a thouſand men doth take his leaue,
To harken further after martiall newes,
And doth a true intelligence receiue,
That barb'rous Pagans, Saraſins, and Iewes,
Turkes and the like, of *Mahomets* blinde crew,
In moſt confuſed warre each other ſlew.

To them he goes partiall on neither part,
(His ſword did fauour euery ſide alike)
They all were odious to him in his heart,
Which armd his hand with vigor for to ſtrike,
And worke amaſement vnto their contending,
Comming ſo roughly to their quarrels ending.

Qd. they amongſt themſelues, what fellow's this,
That laies about him like a mad man thus?
Of certaintie more then a man he is,
For humane force would feare to fight with vs,
But if he be as ſeemeth by his ſhape,
Had he ten thouſand liues he cannnt ſcape.

Then did a heartie Pagan ſtep to Guy,
And ſaid to him, if valor in thee reſt,
Let's haue a little ſport t'wixt thee and I,
Onely to ſee which of our ſwords cut beſt,
Thou haſt a weapon there, is like a reede,
Me thinkes it is too blunt to make one bleede,

Too

Too blunt (quoth *Guy*) and in his anger grones?
Pagan I like thy humour paſſing well,
Ile whet it ere we part, vpon thy bones,
And then another tale thou wilt me tell,
If it ſhould fale me now it were a wonder,
Such lubbers it hath often hewd in ſunder.

But come, art readie? bid thy friends adew,
And ſay thy prayers vnto thy pagan Gods,
For I do mean to vſe thee like a Iew,
Becauſe with Chriſtians thou doſt liue at ods,
Looke that thy head be ſet on ſure and faſt,
Or mortall man, Ile proue thee but a blaſt.

Then did they lend each other luſty knocks,
That ſparcks of fier from their helmets flye,
The partiall multitude about them flocks,
Expecting all the death and end of *Guy*, (ſtrong,
For *Coldran* whome he fought withall was
And had ben champion to the Pagans long.

At length *Guy* lent him ſuch a ſpeeding blowe,
That downe comes *Coldran* and his ſtrength to
Pagan (qd, he) is my ſword ſharpe or no? (groũd
with which euen now ſo blunt a fault you foũd,
Rife quicke, for if thy legs thou canſt not feele:
Off goes thy head as true as this is ſteele.

Forth-

Forthwith he made him ſhorter by the hed
And that vnto the *Emperour* he ſent,
The Infidells grew all aſtoniſhed
For they in *Coldran* were ſo confident,
They durſt haue venterd goods,& life,& lymbe
On any combat that was fought by him.

Then *Heraud*, (to giue *Guy* ſome breathing (ſpace
Challeng'd a pagan called *Ellmadant*,
And dar'd him & defi'd him to his face:
(For valiant *Heraud* did no courage want,
The pagan ſome-what hot,with fury fill'd
Did combat,being quickly coold and kill'd.

Preſently *Guy* vnto another comes
Call'd *Morgadour*,and ſoundly with his blade
Layes on him,and his ſences ſo benummes,
He tumbles head-long like a tired Iade.
The *Pagans* ſeeing their champions thus goe downe;
Forſooke the feild,retiring to the towne,

Where a moſt bloody tyraunt bare the ſway,
Who hearing what had hapned;full of Ire
Went armed to the tent wheras *Guy* lay
And did a combat at his hands require;
Villain(quoth he)whome like a dog I ſcorne
Ile make thee curſe the time when thou waſt borne,

Know

Know runagate I co me to fetah thy hed
For to a Lady I haue promi'ſt it
My curres ſhal with thy *Engliſh* fleſh be fed
They muſt deuowre thy body eu'ry bit,
Come, I haue vowd by *Mahomet* thou dy'ſt
Thou canſt not ſcape by truſting in thy *Chriſt.*

And haſt thou giuen away my hed (quoth hee)
Vnto a Lady? t'is a braue Intent:
An honeſt man will his words maſter bee
And neuer promiſe more then he hath ment
Come on thy wayes and take it quickly of
Or els the Lady will ſuppoſe you ſcoffe.

With prowd' diſdaine togeather then they ruſh
Laying it on as faſt as both could driue:
But *Eskeldart*, *Guyes* ſword did ſo becruſh,
That for his hed he durſt no longer ſtriue,
But on the ſodayne for to ſaue his owne
Put's ſpur's to horſe, and in all poſt is gone.

Guy then returnes to *Heraud*, and declares
What a bould fellowe came to fetch his hed:
Who ſmiling at it, merily prepares,
To tell of his aduentures, how he ſped,
With a falſe coward called *Adelart*,
That wounded him with an enuenom'd dart.

And being hurt moſt dangerouſly ſo,
Was intercepted ere he could retire,
By *Eſtellard* a prowd inſulting foe,
Compos'd of cruelty, and deuiliſh ire.
But (quoth ſir *Herauld*) ere our fray was don
I made them wiſh it neere had bin begun.

For *Adelart* I wounded in the ſide,
And *Eſtellard* I curtal'd by the knees :
Then left them lying, death to be their guide
Vnto the Iaile where worms do claim their fees
So when thoſe two were ſeene to fall downe
All tother *Pagans* with a mazement fled. (dead

Why then (quoth *Guy*) all's quiet I perceiue
Theſe miſcreants like vnto foxes flie,
But gentle *Heraud* ere we take our leaue
One combat more I am reſolu'd to try,
The generall of this accurſed rowte
Shall be the man I mean to ſingle out.

They tearme him mightie Soudan: friend I long
To make a proofe if he deſerue that name,
I am in doubt they do him mightie wrong,
If might be wanting to auouch the ſame,
Titles of worth become baſe cowards ill,
Ile trye what's in him, hap what euer will.

Nay

Nay *Heraud* leaue mee, pree thee doo forbeare,
I will be ſpeedy, tarry in this wood,
Goe to y'on graſsie bancke, repoſe thee there
And with this *Balſum*, ſtay thoſe drops of blood
Ere *Phebus* in the *Occident* declyne,
Death ſhall conclude the *Souldans* life or mine.

Said *Heraud*, ſince thou wilt not let me goe,
But doeſt apoint this bed of earth to beare-mee
Till thou returne I will conuerſe with woe,
And will not ſuffer any bird ſing neare mee,
With longing eyes, & carefull liſt'ning eares:
Ile ſpend thy abſent tyme, in prayers & teares.

Guy poſtes with ſpeed & doth the *Souldan* finde
And thus he ſpeakes, art thou the man of might
Surnamed ſo by tongues, and peoples winde?
Heere is a *Chriſtian* come to dare thee fight,
Both *Mahomet* and thee I do defie,
And heer's a ſword I will mayntaine it by.

The *Souldan* with a ſtaring looke replies,
Thou *Chriſtian* ſlaue Ile chaſtiſe thee with ſteele
Thou art an odious creature in myne eyes,
And thy preſumption ſhall my fury feele.
With that at *Guy* he ran with all his force:
Their launces brake, & each forſooke his horſe.

Then by the ſword the victor muſt preuaile,(all
which manly force,makes deadly woũds with-
Cutting through armor,mãgling ſhirts of male,
That at the laſt,downe did the Souldan fall,
Sending blaſphemous curſes to the skie,
And caſting handfulls of his bloud at *Guy*.

Who preſently tooke horſe and thence retir'd,
To *Heraud*,whom he found in ſlumber laid,
Riſe friend(quoth he)the time is now expir'd,
An end with mightie Souldan I haue made,
With that he roſe with ioy,& loues embrace,
And forth they trauaile to another place.

Guy takes a princely Lyons parte,
And doth a Dragon kill:
Then free's faire *Vſile* from miſhaps
That elſe had fared ill.

Canto. 7.

PAſsinge the deſerts now, where ſhady trees
Embrac'd each other in their greene leau'd ar-
Where lady *Ecchoe's* dwelling beſt agrees,(mes,
And lyttle birdes ſing feareles of their harmes:
They chaunc'd to finde a pleaſant ſiluer ſpring,
VVhich water to them was a wel come thing.

His

His lady ſendes him forth againe,
Whoſe will he doth obay:

And manfully a Dragon kill's
To parte a cruell fray.

There with the chriſtall ſtreames they coole their heate,
And make the thirſt they had endured longe:
There did they make the herbes & rootes their meate,
To ſatisfie for Natures hungry wronge,
But on the ſodaine, at a noyſe they wonder,
A Lyon roar'd, as if great *Ioue* did thunder.

Herauld (quoth *Guy*) to horſe; lett's be prepar'd
And leaue our dinner, till another day:
Heere is a ſound, I neuer was ſo ſcar'd,
Ile ſeeke it out, it comes from yonder way.
Some monſter or ſome deuill makes this noyce
For on my life it is no humane voyce.

So forth he rides, and vnderneath a hill,
He findes a Dragon, with a Lyon mett:
Braue ſporte (ſaid he) I pray, fight out your fill,
And then vpon the ſtrongeſt I will ſett,
Which of the twaine that firſt a ſide doth ſtart:
I am a freind, that will mayntaine his part.

The Dragon windes his crooked knotty taile
About the Lyons legs, to caſt him ſo:
The Lyon faſtens on his ragged ſcale,
And nymbly doth auoyd that ouerthrow.
Then tooth & nayle, they crewell teare & bite,
Mayntayning long, a feirce & bloody fight.

At laſt the Lyon fayntly turnes aſide,
And lookes about, as if he would be gone:
Nay thē (quoth *Guy*) Dragon haue at your hide
Defend your deuills face, Ile laye it on,
VVith that couragiouſly to worke he goes,
And deales the Dragon very manly blowes.

The vglie beaſt, (with flaggie wings diſplay'd)
Comes at him mainely with moſt dreadful pawes:
Whoſe very lookes might make a man afraid,
So terrible ſeem'd his deuowring Iawes,
Wide gaping, griſly, like the mouth of hell:
More horrible then pen, or tongue can tell.

His blaſing eyes did burne like lyuing fyer,
And forth his ſmoking gorge came ſulpher ſmoke
Aloft his ſpeckled breſt he lifted h'yer
Then *Guy* could reach at length of weapon ſtroke
Thus in moſt Irefull moode himſelfe he bore,
And gaue a cry, as ſeas are wont to rore.

With that his mortall ſting he ſtretched out,
Exceeding farre the ſharpeſt poynt of ſteele,
Then turnes and windes his ſcaly taile about
The horſes legs, more nymbly then an Eele,
With that, *Guy* hewes vpon him with his blade
And three mens ſtrēgth to euery ſtroke he laid.

One

One fatall blow he gaue him in the ſide,
From whẽce did iſſue ſtreames of ſwarty blood,
The ſword had made a paſſage large & wide,
That deepe into the monſtres gore, *Guy* ſtood:
Then with a ſecond wound he ouer tooke him,
VVhich made the Dragon turne, to haue forſooke him.

Nay then (quoth hee) thou haſt not longe to liue,
I ſee thou faynteſt, at the poynt to fall,
Then ſuch a ſtroke of *Death* he did him giue,
That downe comes *Dragõ* crying out withall,
So horrible, the ſound did more affright
The conquerour, then all the dreadfull fight.

Away he rides and letts that hell-hound lye,
But looking backe, eſpies behinde his horſe
The Lyon comming after, very nye, (force,
VVhich makes him light, to manage manly
But when the beaſt beheld his weapõ drawne,
He came to him, and like a dogge did fawne.

Like to that gratefull Lyon which did free
Androdus life, for pulling out a thorne,
VVhen for offence, he ſhould by lawes decree
VVithin the Theater, by beaſtes be torne
The Lyon came and lyck'd him very kinde,
Bearing (as ſeem'd) an old good turne in minde.

Euen

Euen ſo this gentle creature deales with him,
For that ſame benefit which he had donne:
Although by nature cruell, ſterne and grym,
Yet like a Spaniell by his horſe did runne.
Continuing many dayes, with great deſire,
Till extreame hunger, forc'd him to retire.

Now towards the ſea, *Guy* doth his Iourney take,
Imbarkes for Frãce, but by cõtrary winde
Arriues in *Almane*, where the nobles make
Great triumph for him, & with Ioyfull minde,
The *Emperour* reioyceth he is come:
And bids him welcome, into Chriſtendome.

There he is entertayn'd with Turnament,
VVith kingly banquets, Princely reuelling:
And multitudes to giue their eyes content,
Attend him with their throngs, ſtill wondering
At all his worthy actes report hath ſpred, (fed.
Wherewith their eares moſt ſtrangely haue bin

Frõ thence he trauells toward his louing freind
The *Duke* of *Louaine*, whome he long'd to ſee:
But ere he came vnto his Iournies end,
A wronged Lady he did worthy free:
VVhich violent was from her loue bereft,
And he at poynt of death, ſore wounded left.

Thus

Thus it befell, *Terry* a valiant *Earle*,
With his deere loue, ſurnam'd *Oſile* the faire
(His pretious Iemme, Ineſtimable pearle)
Into a foreſt went to take the aire,
VVhere as a plott was laid to take his life
And make his beautious loue, anothers wife.

Vpon the ſodaine ſixteene villians came
Vnto the *Earle*, and did him greuous wound:
Sira, quoth one, thou haſt a wench we clayme,
She muſt with vs, lie thou there on the ground,
And the next paſſenger that thou doeſt ſee,
Intreate him make a graue, to bury thee.

Guy finding *Terry* thus, hearing his plaint,
Doth comfort him in kindeſt ſort he can:
Who with the loſſe of blood doth weakely faint
With face of deadly colour, pale & wan,
Courage (quoth he) Ile fetch thy loue againe:
Or ſay that *Guy* is but a coward ſwaine.

When *Terry* heard that name, he did reuiue,
For vnto him *Guys* worthy deeds were knowne
And lifting vp himſelfe from ground, did ſtriue,
For to embrace him in deepe paſſions groane,
Thankes gratious heauens (quoth he) with ſoule & heart
For ſending thee, to take my wronged part.

VVhich

Which is the way (quoth he) thoſe villians wēt?
That path ſaid wofull *Terry* by yon oke:
Haue after them, this deede they ſhall repent,
As I am *Chriſtian* knight: and as he ſpoke,
He heard a ſhrike, which was the Ladies cry,
So by that ſound, he did them ſoone deſcry.

Cōming vnto them, wretched ſlaues (quoth hee)
VVhat do you purpoſe with this Lady heere?
Inlarge her preſently, and ſett her free,
You haue done wrōges, that will be rated deere,
Her husband wounded, ſhee vs'd violent,
Will coſt you liues apeece, incontinent.

With that they laugh'd, & ſaid, what foole's this ſame,
Or rather mad man in his deſp'rate minde,
That meanes by willfull death, to get a name,
And haue the world report he hath bin kinde?
The fellow ſure is in ſome franticke fitt,
And meanes to fight, without both feare or wit.

Like ſo (quoth hee) the fitt that's on me now,
You all will finde to be a raging one:
With that he ſhowes thē *Mars* his angry brow,
And bids the Lady ceaſe her penſiue mone,
Saying, good maddam vnto Ioy incline:
For ſodaynly, theſe raſcalls will be myne.

Then with a courage admirable bould,
At euery blowe ſome one or other dyes:
Which when the gentle Lady did behould,
Oh pitty, pitty, worthy knight ſhee cryes,
Theſe mortall woundes I can no longer ſee,
Be not ſo bloody, in reuenging mee.

Vpon my knees I do entreate thee ſtay,
This is to me a terrifiyng ſight:
Oh with their liues, thou takeſt myne away,
If one dye more, I faynting yeild my ſprite,
Thou worthily myne honour haſt defended,
Lett the reuenging of my wronges be ended.

Lady (quoth he) I ceaſe at thy requeſt,
Depart baſe raſcalls, all but two be gon:
But villians you did binde her for the reſt,
And ſtrooke thē with his ſword (the ſcabard on)
That downe to groūd they fell, making this ſcuſe:
My Lord, we only kept her to thy vſe.

Then on his ſteed, he lett's the Lady ride,
To ſeeke her Lord, whome ſhee had left diſtreſt
And Guy vnto the place became her guide,
Where cōming, they did finde him, caretul dreſt
For in their abſence came a Hermit by,
Which to his bleeding woūdes, did ſalue apply.

Terry

Terry, and *Osile*, in their Ioyes abound,
And gratefully to Guy all thanckes do giue
Be thou said they, in life, and death renownd,
VVhome wee will honour while we breathing liue,
Hould, heer's my hand (quoth Terry) worthy Guy,
In fight for thee, I would be prowd to dye.

Gu. takes Earl. Terries fathers part,
And kills the Duke his foe:
Destroyes a crewell saluage bore,
Preuenting daungers so.

Canto. 8.

NOw Titans horses, with their fiery carre,
Had brought the day to darkenes in the west:
And *Vesper*, that same siluer shyning starre,
Which doth adorne the skie at euening best,
Appeer'd as bright as Cynthia in her spheare
To welcome sable nights aproching neare.

When Terry, Guy, and *Osile*, wanting guide
Did stray about the vnfrequented wood,
Hearing the saluage noyse on eu'ry side
Of beasts that thirsted after humane blood,
As Bores, and Beares, and Lyons, and the like;
Which to their harts did some amazemẽt strike

On euery ſide they caſt a heedefull eye,
Still doubting on the ſodaine ſome ſurpriſe;
At length two armed men they did eſpie,
That alſo lyſten to thoſe fearefull cryes.
Each,had his ſwoord in hãd,being ready drawne,
Knowing that place,did yeald no doggs would fawne.

Comming more neare,Sir *Heraud* was the one,
The other euen,as deerly *Terries* friend;
Who with embracements, made their gladnes knowne,
And then the *Earle* demaunded to what end
His louing couſen paſs'd the deſert ſo?
My Lord(quoth hee)to bring thee newes of woe.

Thy noble Father is beſeiged now,
In his ſtronge caſtell,by *Duke Ottons* power:
Who hath proteſted by a ſolemne vow,
About his eares,he will pull downe the tower,
In a reuenge that thou his loue haſt got:
He ſweares thy fathers life,eſcapeth not.

His loue,quoth *Terry*,pree thee *Oſile* ſpeake?
Acquaynt this worthy man with thy ſoules thought:
Haue I procur'd thee any fayth to breake?
Or bin the Inſtigator vnto ought
That is vniuſt,in righteous heauens ſight?
Neuer(quoth *Oſile*)thou haſt bin vpright.

That

That wretched man, would force my loue away
In clayming that, I ner'e intend to giue:
I will be thine vntill my dying day,
Thou ſhalt inioy mee, all the howers I liue,
And when I alter this determination,
Let Gods, and men, hould me in deteſtation.

VVel ſpoke, ſaid *Guy*, Lady be conſtant euer,
And honours blemiſh then, thou needſt not doubt:
Keepe loues foundation firme, alter it neuer,
It is for loue, I raunge the world about,
And do expoſe my life, to mortall daunger
In this exiled ſtate, an vnknowne ſtraunger.

But *Terry*, wherefore are thy lookes ſo ſad
That haſt thy loue in perſon to embrace?
As far as *England* myne is to he had,
And many yeares I haue not ſeene her face,
It weere enough to bring my hopes to end
But that my patience is a truſty freind.

My Lord (ſaid *Terry*) know you not my greife?
And hear'd this meſſenger relate the cauſe?
Oh my diſtreſſed father wants releefe,
I were a rebel vnto Natures lawes
Not to condole with him in this extreame,
Making his troubles, my true ſorrows theame.

If that be all(quoth hee)thou art to blame,
There is no cauſe to ſpend a ſigh theereon:
Ile terrifie Duke *Otton* with my name,
Lett him but heare I come,and heele be gon,
Something betweene vs,may not be forgot,
He felt my ſword in France,but lyk'd it not.

Since that,againſt my life a plott he laid,
By villians that ſurpris'd me in a wood,
But tretchery,with vengeaunce was repaid.
VVho euer knew a traytors end proue good?
Accurſied happs,attend them euermore,
In braſen bull,*Perillus* firſt did rore.

I will goe with thee,to defend thy father,
(For the opreſſed I haue vow'd to right)
And reaſon moues me to it,ſo much rather,
Myne owne abuſes,therwith to requite.
This oportunity, weele not omit,
In that occaſion falleth out ſo fit.

Lett's haſten on with ſpeede vnto the place,
Preuenting myſcheife ere too far it runne:
Take hould of Tyme,before he turne his face
Good prooueth beſt when it is ſooneſt donne,
Goe likē *Æneas* with a filliall loy
To fetch thyne old *Anchiſes* out of *Troy*.

Cou-

Couragious knight (quoth *Terry*) thy bould hart,
Cannot be daunted I perceiue with feare;
Compos'd of *Mars* his element thou art, (speare
Of powrefull lymmes, to mannage sword &
My melancholy thou hast banish'd hence,
And with stronge hope, arm'd me in recõpence.

Now all in poste, they speed themselues away,
And in shorte tyme vnto the castell come;
Where as Duke *Otton*, with his forces lay,
Relying on his souldiers ample some:
But whẽ the Captaines, of *Guyes* cõming knew:
They fled by night, and neuer bad adew.

This was discouragement to all the rest,
To see their leaders, thus giue ground & fly:
Yet did the *Duke* most resolute protest,
If each man in the castle were a *Guy*,
He would not leaue it basely and retire,
Though life be deere, yet honours place is hyer.

Terry (said *Guy*) wee must not tedious bee,
Experience often hath my tutor bin:
And taught, that when aduantage I do see
To fasten on occasion, and begin,
The enemy by feare, himselfe subdewes,
Adde force to that, and victory ensewes.

Wee will not make our priſon of this place
As long as there is feild-roome to be got:
Tis my deſire,to meete the *Dukes* good grace
And combat him,becauſe he loues me not,
If that you will not leaue this howſe of ſtone
Ile leaue you all,and goe my ſelfe alone.

And with thoſe words *Heraud* and he depart,
Which when the caſtle-ſouldiers did perceiue,
They gaue a ſhowte,our generall thou art,
Thy honourable ſtepps we will not leaue,
VVee are reſolued to attend thee ſtill:
Let fortune vſe vs,euen as fortune will.

And thus moſt valiant they do march along,
Giuing the onſett,feareles to their foe,
Making thoſe multitudes that ſeem'd ſo ſtrong,
Retire themſelues,with ſlaughtred ouerthrow,
But when the *Duke* perceiu'd his ſouldiers flye:
Periſh (quoth he) baſe villians,heere Ile die.

Where is this *Englishman* that haunts my ghoſt
And thus purſeweth me from place to place?
I challenge him,to come and leaue the hoſte,
And meete with reſolution,face to face,
Lett equall enuy,make this equall match
All controuerſies we will ſoone diſpatch.

Egreed

Egreed (quoth *Guy*) proud foe, I yeild conſent,
Repent thy wronges, and make thy conſcience cleere:
For thou haſt liu'd to ſee thy honour ſpent,
Which worthy men, of all things hould moſt deere,
The noble mynded, cenſure him with ſhame,
That liues to ſee the death, of his good name.

Then toward each other they did maynely make,
And brake their Launces very violent,
Which being done, their ſwords in hand they take,
Fighting vntill great ſtore of blood was ſpent,
For *Enuy* did the Dukes Keene weapon whet:
And on *Guyes* ſword, *Reuenge* an edge did ſet.

At length throughloſſe of blood, the *Duke* fell downe;
And ſaid, Now fond felicitie farewell,
I am betray'd, by fortunes angry frowne,
And this experience to the world do tell,
Ther's nothing conſtant, that the earth containes,
Death deales with Monarchs, as with ſimple ſwaynes,

Bewitching vanities, ſeducing blynde vs,
Greatnes hath great accounts theron depēding,
As death doth leaue vs, ſo ſhal Iudgement finde
There is no peace, vnto a happie ending, (vs,
My dying howre yeildes more repentant grace
Then in my life I euer could embrace.

'Th'immortal ſoule doth with theſe words depart
And leaues the breathles bodie did containe it,
While woſull paſsions do afflict *Guyes* heart,
Now wiſhing to himſelfe he had not ſlaine it:
For true humanity, compaſſion ſhowes:
To ſee afflictions, ouer-burden woes.

Guy ſheath'd his ſword, and ſaide remain thou there
Vntill I do ariue on *Englands* ſhore:
No further quarrell to the world I beare,
For loue of *Phelis* I will bleed no more,
From her I haue ben too too long away,
And will returne to challenge ſoldiers pay.

So thence he rode to finde ſir *Heraud* out,
Making his iourney through a deſert place,
Which was obſcure, enuirond round about,
With ſhadie trees that hid bright *Phebus* face:
Where ſodainely he met the hugeſt Bore,
That euer mortall eye beheld before.

The beaſt came at him, moſt exceeding fell,
Which he preuenting, ſtands vppon his guard,
And doth auoid thoſe dreadful tuskes right wel
Laying vpon the ſwiniſh head ſo hard.
That dead he left him who had many ſlaine,
For forth that wood, no man came backe againe.

When

When this was done *Heraud* he ouer takes,
And tels him what a Chriſtmas brawne he ſlew
Then with his purpoſe him acquainted makes
Which was to bid all forraigne parts adew,
And ſee the heauenly obiect of his heart,
Heraud conſents, and they forth-with depart.

To England comes victorious *Guy*,
And doth faire *Phelis* wed:
At Yorke, preſenting *Athelſtone*,
A dreadfull Dragons head.

Canto. 9.

ASſiiſted now by nimble winged Time,
Guy ſhapes his courſe for England,& doth leaue
The bold aduentures of each forraigne clime,
Loues iuſt reward from *Phelis* to receiue,
As *Hercules* twelue labours being paſt,
Found time for *Dianiraes* loue at laſt.

Heraud and *Guy* no ſooner do ariue,
But newes thereof vnto the king was brought,
Who heard before of all they did atchieue,
which made him much deſirous in his thought
To ſee ſuch ſubiects, matchles men alone,
In honouring England, and king *Athelſtone*.

To yorke they goe,(for there the King was thē)
To whome they did moſt humble duty ſhowe;
Welcome(quoth he)renowmed martiall men,
My Princely loue vpon you I beſtowe,
Your fortunate ſucceſſe contentment breedes;
Fame came before,& brought vs home your deedes.

Guy thou haſt laid a heauy hand wee heare
Vpon the neckes of *Pagan* infidells,
And ſent them home by fatall ſword & ſpeare
To horrours vault,where vnbeleeuers dwells
Deuowr'ing beaſts thou likewiſe haſt deſtroy'd
That humane creatures,fearefull haue anoy'd.

Yet worthy man,I thinke thou nere didſt ſlay
Of all thoſe monſters,terrible and wilde,
More cruell creature,then at this ſame day
Deſtroyes what ere it meetes,man, woman, childe,
Cattell and all, which no man dare withſtand:
A dreadfull Dragon in *Northumberland*.

I ſpeake not this to annimate thee on,
And hazard life at ſetting foote a ſhore,
For diuers to deſtroy this beaſt haue gon,
But to their freinds,neuer returned more,
No,I expreſſe how happie thou haſt bin,
To free like feares that other men were in.

Dread Lord(quoth *Guy*)as I am *Engliſh* knight,
And faythfull vnto God true to my king,
I will goe ſee if that ſame beaſt dare bite,
For to your grace,his head I meane to bring,
I found his fellow with a Lyon fighting,
But made him leaue both ſcratching,& his biting,

And as I dealt with him,Ile deale with this,
Only I do beſeech your royall grace,
Commaund me ſome direction where he is,
And to your Court Ile bring his vgly face,
Or your mylde fauour let me neuer ſee,
Dragon or deuill,whatſo'ere he bee.

So taking humble leaue, away he rides
Vnto *Northumberland* to finde that beaſt:
Hauing a douſen knights which were his guides
And brought him where the Dragon held his feaſt;
Like *Canneball*,that feedes on fleſh of men:
Behould(quoth they to *Guy*)yon caue's his den

It is enough ſaid he:do you remayne,
And leaue me to goe finde out *Hydras* head:
That neuer ſhall deuower man againe,
Who with ſo many bodyes hath bin fed,
Heere Gentlemen if you will pleaſe to ſtay,
Sit on your horſes,and behould our fray.

Com-

Comming vnto the caue, the Dragon ſpies him
And forth he ſtalkes with lofty ſpeckled breaſt
Of dreadfull forme: as ſoone as ere *Guy* eies him
His Lauuce he ſpeedie ſet into his reſt,
Then ſpurres to horſe, & at the Dragō makes:
That bearing ground, at the encounter ſhakes.

Then verry lightly *Guy* retires his horſe,
And comes vpon him with redoubled might,
The Dragon meetes him with reſiſting force,
And like a reede his Launce in two did bite,
Nay then (quoth *Guy*) if to ſuch bits you fall,
I haue a toole to picke your teeth withall.

Then drew his ſword (a keene & maſſie blade)
And fiercely ſtroke with furious blowes ſo fell,
That many wide and bloodie wounds he made
Which caus'd the Dragon yawne, like mouth of hell,
Roaring with a moſt fearful hideous ſound,
And with his clawes al rent & tore the ground.

Impatient of the ſmart he did ſuſtaine,
He thought with wings to raiſe him-ſelfe aloft,
But with a ſtroke *Guy* brought him down again
And pli'd him with the edge of ſteele ſo oft,
That downe he fel in durty blood beraid,
And forth his wide deuowring [illegible] braid.

A flake of fire ſeemed to iſſue thence,
While *Guy* was hewing off his vgly head,
Now fiend quoth he thou haſt thy recompence
For all the humane blood thy iawes haue ſhed,
Vpon a part of this ſame broken ſpeare,
Thy filthy face vnto the king Ile beare.

The knights(with ioy exceeding)take a view,
Of that ſame fearefull creature,ſtrange of ſhape
Admiring at his vgly forme and hew,
With wonderment that mortal man could ſcape
Thoſe teeth & clawes, ſo dreadful,ſharp & long
Compos'd by Nature in a beaſt ſo ſtrong.

When they had fixd the head vpon a ſpeare,
And meaſur'd out the bodies length direct:
Vnto the king at Lincolne they it beare,
VVho *Guyes* returne with longing did expect:
God ſhield(quoth he)and ſaue me from al euil:
Here is a face may well out-face the Deuil.

VVhat ſtaring eies of burning glaſſe be thoſe,
That might aliue two flaming Beacons ſeeme?
what ſcales of harneſſe arme that crooked noſe,
And teeth, none ſuch had *Cerberus* I deeme,
VVhat yawning mouth and forked tongue is there,
That being dead, may make the liuing feare?

Victo-

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VVhat yawning mouth and forked tongue is there,
That being dead, may make the liuing feare?

Victo-

Victorious knight, thy actions wee admire,
And place thee highly, in our knigly loue,
Throughout the ſpatious orbe by fame aſpire
More lofty thē the ſuprem ſpheare doth moue,
To the ſucceeding ages of this land,
I will remember thy victorious hand.

Which ſhall be thus: the monſters picture wrought,
On cloth of Arras artificiall well,
And vnto *VVarwicke* we wil haue it brought,
There to remaine, and after ages tell,
That worthy *Guy*, a man of matchles ſtrength,
Deſtroid a Dragon thirtie foote in length.

And place this head heere on the Caſtle wall,
For memorie till yeares do ruine it:
And nobles make triumphant feſtiuall,
Affoord our knight all honour doth befit:
Troys Hector's dead and can no more atchieue,
But *Englands Hector* ſtill remaines aliue.

By this, Report the only linguiſt liuing,
Had bene with *Phelis* for to make her glad:
Such fame and glory to her louer giuing,
As neuer greater any worthy had:
Tells all the deedes of wonder he hath donne,
From the firſt action that his hand begunne.

Phelis

Phelis impatient of his wiſhed ſight,
Speedes towards *Lyncolne*, like light *Salmacis*:
Where Ioyfully ſhee entertaynes her knight,
With *Iunoes* kinde embrace, and *Venus* kyſſe,
Guy with requitall makes his gladnes knowne:
And in his armes he now Inioyes his owne.

Forget-full loue, and too too ſlowe (quoth ſhee)
I fear'd thou dyd'ſt not mynde thy deereſt frend
What, ſeeke a Dragon, ere thou looke for mee?
And hazard life before thou come, or ſend
To know if I remayne in happie ſtate? (hate.
Some Iealous woman, would ſuppoſe, twere

But ſure I do not, though I ſpeake my hart,
And wiſh I had bin firſt thou ſaw'ſt on ſhore
Guy, welcome to thy *Phelis* now thou art,
Thou neuer ſhalt goe forth a fighting more,
No, thou haſt fought too much, thy lookes bewray:
Sterne countenaunce, hath ſtolne thy ſmyles away.

But loue, will learne thee (loue) to chaunge thy face,
And frame it, as at firſt when I did chuſe it:
Thou haſt almoſt forgotten to embrace,
I like that well, it ſeemes thou did'ſt not vſe it
In forraigne parts, abroade, where thou haſt bin,
But that loſt leſſon, thou muſt new begin.

I will(quoth he)deere loue,& plye my booke,
And kyſſe myleſſon,on thy currall lipp:
Tell me but only when I am miſtooke,
In reading raſhly,if I ouerskipp,
Or be to negligent in taking paine,
Why turne me backe,to conne my geare againe.

But Lady,one exception I will make,
What lynes ſoeuer you do put me too,
The horne-booke of all other Ile forſake,
For willingly I would not haue to doe
With that croſſe rowe,croſſe vnto many,when
VVomen do teach it vnto married men.

Kinde Sir(quoth ſhee)contét Ile neuer chuſe it
It fitts two ſortes,a curtezan,a childe:
Once as the latter,ſimply I did vſe it,
But for the other,rather be beguilde,
Then to deceiue:the ſecond horne book's naught,
Teach it not me and it ſhall n'ere be taught.

Guy ſmyl'd and ſayd, come lett vs *VVarwicke* ſee,
Of all the world the place that I loue beſt:
Becauſe it had the bringing vp of thee,
And there firſt with thy beauty I was bleſt,
I loue the caſtle,and the garden ground,
Where erſt thy *Venus*-face alone I found.

Let's

Let's haſten on to heare this ſacred voice,
I Guy take Phelis to my wedded wife,
And thou repeate, I likewiſe am thy choyſe,
Till death depart vs, euen as long as life,
And then the next will be, God giue vs Ioy
And ſend thy fathers heire, a gallant boy.

The mariage is ſolemnized,
But after fourty dayes,
Guy pennaunce vowes, & pilgrim like,
From *England* goes his wayes.

Canto. 10.

THe happie day, that louers long expect,
Is now attayn'd to giue deſier reſt:
And all the honours *Hymen* can effect,
He Frácke beſtowes to grace the wedding feaſt,
For *Athelſtone*, and his renowmed Queene:
At this great nuptiall, in their pompe were ſeene.

The nobles rich and coſtly in attire,
With worthy knights, & gentlemen beſide,
Ladies of honour, as their loues require
Attend vpon the beautious faire fac'd bride
There wanted nothing wit of man could finde
To pleaſe the eye, or to content the mynde.

Maskes, midnight-areuells, tilt & turnement,
Acting of auntient ſtories, ſtately ſhowes;
Banquets, might giue great *Iupiter* content,
Where cupps of *Nectar* plentious ouer flowes,
Aboundant all things, with a plentious hand,
As if a knig himſelfe, ſhould feaſt a land.

Soone after all theſe thinges were conſumate,
Earle Rohand (*Phelis* worthy father) dyes
And to his ſonne bequeaths the whole eſtate
Of *Earldome, Lordſhips*, all his land is *Guyes*,
Who is created *Earle* of *VVarwick* then
In honours raucke, with *Englands* noble men.

But in the glory of this high applau'd,
Inioying all that did partake delight,
VVhen euery tongue his fame & fortunes law'd
Himſelfe conuerts his ſunſhine dayes to night,
Bethinking what the worlde may iuſt be thought:
And deeming all but vaine, that he had ſought.

Ofte would he ſit and meditate alone,
In looking backe what ſtepps his youth had trod;
Then to him ſelfe with ſighs, & grieuous grone,
Cry pardon me, thou iuſt incenſed God,
I haue done nothing for to purchaſe grace:
But ſpent my tyme about a womans face.

For beauty, bloody through the world I ran,
In pride of hart preferring *Phelis* feature;
For beauty I haue ended many aman,
Hating all other, for one mortall creature,
For beauty I haue pawnd my vttmoſt power,
But for my ſynnes, not ſpēt one weeping hower.

My *Numquam Sera* I will now begin,
And vowe to ſpend the remnant of my dayes
In contrite penaunce for my former ſin,
That God may pardon all the erring wayes,
Which fleſh and blood, vainly deceiued by,
Vnto the world, I will goe learne to dye.

Let me be cenſur'd, euen as mortalls pleaſe,
Ile pleaſe my God in all thinges may be donne
Ambitious pride hath bin my youths diſeaſe,
Ile teach age meekenes, ere my glaſſe be runne,
And chaunge my choyſe: wealth, beauty, world farewell:
To purchaſe heauē, I would paſſe through hell.

Phelis perceiues his melancholy ſtate,
And comming to him, doth moſt myldely wooe
My Lord (quoth ſhee) why are you chaung'd of late,
As I ſhare Ioy, let me beare ſorrow too,
If I in ought haue mou'd you to offence:
I will with teares performe due recompence.

No

No my deere loue(quoth *Guy*)no cauſe in thee
Tis with my ſelf I diſcontented ſtriue:
By light of grace,my natures faults I ſee,
That am as dead,although I ſeeme aliue,
Phelis,my ſinnes, my countles ſinnes appeere
Crying,repent thy guilty conſcience cleere.

I muſt deale with thee,as B*auarus* delt
(A Prince of Rome)with *Sygunda* his wife
VVho from a deepe Impreſsion that he felt,
Vow'd chaſtitie perpetuall,all is life,
Entreating thee euen as thou lou'ſt my ſoule
To pardon mee,not vrging by controule.

Haſt thou not heard what *Ethelfrida* did
A chriſtian wom̃,ſometime *Englands* queene?
Is *Edelthrudis* acte of chaſt life hid,
A Princeſſe likewiſe,rare & matchles ſeene?
The firſt with child,no more of luſt would taſte
The ſecond caus'd two husbands,both liue chaſte.

And canſt not thou,(the Phenix of a recalme)
By immitation,winne immortall praiſe?
Leauing thy vertues,and admired theame
To the ſucceeding age,of Iron dayes?
I know thou canſt,thy greater part's diuine:
VVhere moſt is carnall,t'will to fleſh incline.

Thou

Thou did'ſt procure(although I doe excuſe it)
My pride,by conqueſts to attaine thy loue:
God gaue me valour, I did vaine abuſe it,
My hart & thoughts, aſpired farre aboue
The crownes and ſcepters of moſt potēt kings
I held their Diadems,inferiour things.

But now I gather in a totall ſome,
Such follies,& condemne them all to dye:
A man of other faſhion Ile become,
Some better trauells for my ſoule to trye,
Not as before in armor on my ſteede:
But in a gowne of gray,a Palmers weede.

Obſcure my iourney,for Ile take no leaue,
But only leaue my endles loue to thee:
Heere is my ring, this memory receaue,
And weare the ſame to make thee thinke on mee,
Let me haue thine, which for thy ſake i'le keepe
Till death cloſe vp theſe eyes, with his dead ſleepe.

VVhen this was ſpoke,how ſhee did wring her hands
VVith ſighs & teares,may well be deemed much:
Yet woundrous meekely,nothing countermaunds,
For the deuotion of that age was ſuch
To hould them bleſſed could themſelues retire
To ſolitude,& leaue the worlds deſire.

Now

Now 's the Princely cloathing laid away
VVherin he glitter'd like the glorious ſun,
And his beſt habit, homely country gray,
Such as the poore plaine people tearme home-ſpun,
Aſtaffe, a ſcripp, a ſcallopp ſhell in's hat,
Not to be knowne, or once admired at.

And thus with penſiue hart, and dolefull teares,
He leaues the faireſt creature *England* had:
VVho in her face a mapp of ſorrow weares
A countenaunce compos'd, all mornfull, ſad,
Like vnto one had banniſh'd all delight:
VViſhing for ſlumbers of eternall night.

Guy Iournies toward that ſanctified ground, Percy's Songs I. 3. 112
VVheras ſometymes the *Iewes* faire cytty ſtood
In which our *Sauiours* ſacred head was crownd,
And where for ſynfull man he ſhed his blood.
To ſee the ſepulcher, was his Intent:
The Tombe that Ioſeph vnto *Ieſus* lent.

With tedious myles he tyr'd his weary feete,
And paſſed deſert places, full of daunger
At laſt with a moſt wofull wight did meete
A man that vnto ſorrow was no ſtraunger
For he had fifteene ſonnes made captiue all
To ſlauiſh bondage, in extreameſt thrall.

A Gyant called *Amarant*, detayn'd them,
Whome no man durſt encounter for his ſtrẽgth
VVho in a caſtell which he held had chayn'd them,
Guy queſtions where? & vnderſtands at length
The place not farre: lend me thy ſword (quoth hee)
Ile lend my manhood, all thy ſonnes to free.

With that he goes and layes vpon the dore,
Like him that ſayes, *I muſt and will come in*:
The Gyant neuer was ſo rows'd before,
For no ſuch knocking at his gate had bin,
So takes his club & keyes, and comeout:
Staring with irefull countenaunce about.

Sira (quoth hee) what buſnes haſt thou heere?
Art come to feaſt the crowes about theſe walles?
Did'ſt neuer heare, no ranſome can him cleere,
That in the compaſſe of my fury falles?
For making me to take a porters paines,
With this ſame club, I will daſh out thy braines.

Gyant (quoth *Guy*) y'are quarelſome I ſee,
Choler and you ſeeme very neere of kin:
Daungerous at the Club belike you bee,
I haue bin better arm'd, though now goe thin,
But ſhow thy vttmoſt hate, enlarge thy ſpigdt:
Heere is the weapon, that muſt do me right.

A Gyant called Amarant
Guy valiantly deſtroyes:

Whereby wrong'd Ladyes captiue knights
Their lybertie enioy'es.

So drawes his ſwoorde, ſalutes him with that ſame,
About the head, the ſhoulders, & the ſide:
VVhile his erected club, did death proclayme,
Standing with huge *Coloſſus* ſpatious ſtride,
Putting ſuch vigor to his knotty beame:
That like a furnace, he did ſmoke extreame.

But on the ground he ſpent his ſtrokes in vaine,
For *Guy* was nymble to auoyd them ſtill:
And euer ere he heau'd his club againe,
Did bruſh his plated coate againſt his will,
At ſuch aduantage he would neuer fayle:
To bange him ſoundly, on his ſhirt of mayle.

At length through thirſt, *Amarant* feeble grewe,
And ſaid to *Guy*, as th'art of humane race,
Show it in this, giue Natures wants their dewe,
Lett me but goe & drinke in yonder place,
Thou canſt not yeald vnto a ſmaller thing:
Then graunt life that, is giuen by the ſpring.

I graunt thee leaue (quoth *Guy*) go drinke thy laſt,
To pledge the Dragon, & the ſaluage bore;
Succeede the tragedies which they haue paſt,
But neuer thinke to taſte could water more,
Drinke deepe to death, & after that carouſe,
Bid him receiue thee, in his earthen houſe.

So to the ſpringe he goes & ſlakes his thirſt,
Taking the water in extreamely, like
A wracted ſhip that on ſome rocke is burſt,
When forced bulke, againſt the ſtones doth ſtrike,
Scooping it in ſo faſt with both his hands,
That *Guy* admiring to behould it ſtands.

Come on (quoth he) let vs to worke againe,
Thou art about thy liquor ouer-longe:
The fiſh that in the riuer do remayne,
Will want hereby, thy drinking doth them wrong,
But I will ſee their ſatisfaction made:
With *Gyants* blood, they muſt & ſhall be payed.

Villian (quoth *Amarant*) Ile cruſh thee ſtraight:
Thy life ſhall pay, thy daring tongues offence,
This club (which is about ſome Iundred waight)
Is deaths commiſsion, to diſpatch thee hence.
Dreſſe thee for rauens dyet, I muſt needes:
And breake thy bones, as they were made of reedes.

Incenſed much by theſe bould pagan boſtes,
Which worthy *Guy* could ill endure to heare,
He hewes vpon thoſe bigg ſupporting poſtes,
That like two pillers did the body beare,
Amarant (for them wounds (in choller growes:
And deſp'rately at *Guy* his club he throwes.

Which

Which did directly on his body light,
So violent & waighty therewithall,
That downe to ground on ſodaine came the knight,
And ere he could recouer from the fall,
The Gyant got the clubbe againe in's fiſt
And ſtrooke a ſtroake, that wonderfully myſt.

Traytor (quoth *Guy*) thy falſhood Ile repay,
This coward acte to intercept my blood.
Sayes *Amarant*, Ile murder any way,
With ennemies all vantages are good.
Oh could I, poyſon in thy noſtrills blowe:
Thou ſhould'ſt be ſure, I would diſpatch thee ſo.

Tis well (ſaid *Guy*) thy honeſt thoughts appeere,
Within that beaſtly bulke do deuills dwell:
Which are thy tennaunts while thou lyueſt heere
But will be landlords when thou com'ſt in hell.
Vile miſcreaunt, prepare thee for their den,
Inhumane monſter, hatefull vnto men.

But breath thy ſelfe a tyme while I goe drinke,
For flaming *Phebus* with his fiery eye,
Torments me ſo with burning heate, I think,
My thirſt would ſerue to drinke an *Ocean* dry,
Forbeare a lyttle, as I dealt with thee:
Quoth *Amarant*, thou haſt no foole of mee.

No ſillye wretch, my father taught more witt,
How I ſhould vſe ſuch enemyes as thou:
By all my Gods I do reioyce at it,
To vnderſtād that thirſt conſtraines thee bow.
For all the treaſure that the world contaynes
One dropp of water ſhall not coole thy veines.

Releeue my foe? why twere a mad-mans part,
Refreſh an aduerſary to my wrong?
If thou imagine this, a childe thou art,
No fellow, I haue knowne the world too long
To be ſo ſimple, now I know thy want
A minutes ſpace, of breathing, Ile not graunt.

And with theſe wordes, heauing aloft his club,
Into the aire he ſwings the ſame about:
Then ſhakes his lockes & doth his tēples rub,
And like the *Cyclops* in his pride did ſtrout,
Sira (*ſaid he*) I haue you at a lift:
You now are come vnto your lateſt ſhift.

Periſh for euer with this ſtroake I ſend thee,
(A medcine that will do thy thirſt much good).
Take no more care for drinke before I end thee,
And then weele haue carowſes of thy blood.
Her's at thee with a butchers downe-right blowe:
To pleaſe my fury with thine oue-rthrowe.

Infer-

Infernall, falſe, obdurate feind (*Guy ſaid*)
That ſeem'ſt a lumpe of cruelty from hell:
Ingratefull monſter, ſince thou haſt deuay'd
The thing to me wherim I vs'd thee well,
With more reuenge then ere my ſword did make:
On thy accurſed head, *Reuenge* Ile take.

Thy Gyants longitude, ſhall ſhorter ſhrinke,
Except thy ſun-ſcorcht skin, be weapon proofe;
Farewell my thirſt, I do diſdaine to drinke,
Streames keepe your water to your owne behoofe
Or let wilde beaſts be welcome thereunto,
With thoſe pearle dropps I will not haue to do.

Hould tyraunt, take a taſte of my good will,
For thus I do begin my bloody bout:
You cannot chuſe but like the greeting ill,
It is not that ſame clubb will beare you out.
And take this payment on thy ſhaggie crowne:
A blow that brought him with a vengeaunce downe.

Then *Guy* ſett foote vpon the monſters breſt,
And from his ſhoulders, did his head deuide:
VVhich with a yawning mouth did gape, vnbleſt,
No Dragons Iawes were euer ſeene more wide,
To open and to ſhut, till life was ſpent,
So *Guy* tooke's keyes & to the caſtell went.

VVhere

VVhere many woefull captiues he did finde,
That had bin tyred with extremities:
VVhome he in friendly manner did vnbinde,
And reaſon'd with them of their myſeries,
Each tould a tale with teares,& ſighes,& cryes,
All weeping to him with complayning eyes.

There tender Ladyes,in darke dongeons lay,
That were ſurprized in the deſert woode;
And had no other dyet euery day,
Thē flеſh of humane creatures for their foode,
Some with their louers bodies had bin fed,
And in their wombes,their husbands buried.

Now he bethinkes him of his comming theare,
T'inlarge the wronged brethren from their woes:
And as he ſearcheth,doth great clamours heare,
By which ſad ſounds direction,on he goes
Vntill he findes a darkſome obſcure gate,
Arm'd ſtrongly ouer,all with Iron plate.

That he vnlockes and enters,where appeeres
The ſtraungeſt obiect that he euer ſawe,
Men that with famiſhment of many yeares
VVere like *Death's* picture,which the painters drawe,
Diuers of them were hanged by each thombe,
Others head downe-ward,by the myddle ſome.

VVith

With diligence he takes them from the walles,
With liberty, their thralldome to acquaynt:
Then the perplexed knight their father calles,
And ſayes receiue thy ſonnes though poore & faynt,
I promiſt you their liues, accept of that:
But did not warrant you they ſhould be fatt.

The caſtle I do giue thee, heer's the keyes,
Where tyranny for many yeares did dwell:
Procure the gentle tender Ladyes eaſe,
For pitty-ſake, vſe wronged women well,
Men eaſely may reuenge the deedes men do,
But poore weake women, haue not ſtrength therto.

The good old man eu'en ouer, Ioy'd with this
Fell on the ground & would haue kyſt *Guyes* feete,
Father (quoth he) refraine ſo baſe a kiſſe,
For age to honour youth, I hould vnmeete.
Ambitious pride hath hurt me all it can,
I goe to mortifie a ſinfull man.

Guy on his iourney doth proceede,
With painfull Pilgrim life:
While *Warwicks* Counteſſe liues in teares,
A chaſt, and loyal wife.

Canto. II.

BEhould the man that ſought contentions out,
Whoſe recreation was in angry armes:
And for his *Venus* raung'd the world about
To finde out dreadfull combatts, feirce allarmes.
From former diſpoſition allienate:
Shun's all occaſions may procure debate.

In his owne wrõges, by vow he will not ſtrike,
Lett iniury impoſe what ſtrife can do:
Abuſes ſhall not force him to diſlike,
For he hath now fram'd nature thereun to
And taken *Patience* by the hand for's guyde,
To leade his thoughts where meekenes doth abide

No worldly Ioy can giue his mynde content,
Delights are gone as they had neuer bin;
His only care is how he may repent,
His ſpending youth about the ſeruing ſin,
And faſhion age, to looke like contrite ſorrow:
That little tyme to come, which life doth borrow.

His

His lookes were ſad complextion pale & wan,
His dyet of the meaneſt, hard & ſpare:
His life he led, like a religious man,
His habit poore & homely, thin & bare.
His dignities & honours were forgot:
His *Warwicke Earldome* he regarded not.

Sometyme he would goe ſearch into a graue,
And there finde out a rotten dead-mans ſcull;
And with the ſame a conference would haue,
Examining each vanitie at full.
And thē himſelfe would aunſwer for the head,
His owne obiections in the dead-mans ſtead.

If thou haſt bin ſome *Monarch* wher's thy crowne?
Or who in feare of thy ſterne lookes doth ſtād?
Death hath made conqueſt of my great renowne,
My golden ſcepter, in a fleſhly hand,
Is taken from me by another king,
And I in duſt, am made a rotten thing.

Haſt thou bin ſome great counſailer of ſtate,
Whoſe potent wit did rule a myghty realme?
Where is the pollicie thou hadſt of late?
Conſum'd and gone euen like an Idle dreame,
I haue not ſo much wit, as will ſuffice:
To kill the wormes, that in my coffin lyes.

Perhaps thou waſt ſome beautious Ladyes face,
For whome right ſtrange aduentures haue bin wrought:
Euen ſuch, as(when it was my louing caſe)
For my deere,kindeſt *Phelis* I haue fought.
Perhaps about this ſcull there was a skin
Fayrer then *Hellens*,was encloſed in.

And on this ſcalp,ſo wormie eaten bare,
(Where nothing now but bone we may behould)
VVere natures ornaments,ſuch lockes of haire
As might induce the eye,to deeme them gould.
And chriſtall eyen in theſe two hollow caues:
And heere ſuch lypps,as I*oue* for kyſsing craues.

But wher's the ſubſtaunce of this beauty ſpent?
So louely,pretious in the ſight of men?
VVith powerfull *Death* vnto the duſt it went,
Grew lothſome,filthy,came to nothing then.
And what a picture of it doth remaine?
To tell the wiſe,all beauty is but vaine.

Such memories he often would preferre,
Of mortall frailty,and the force of *Death*:
To teach the fleſh how apt it is to erre,
And poſt repentaunce off till lateſt breath,
Thus would he in the worldes contempt, reproue
All that ſeduc'd the ſoule from heauenly loue.

Now

Now for a whi'e reuerſe your view of woe,
From one ſad ſubiect, to behould another:
To ſee new ſorrow, backe to *England* goe;
And to longe abſent yeares commit the totl er
Leaue dolefull *Guy*, to aged greife & cares:
And looke on *Phelis*, how his Lady faires.

Like to a widow, all in blacke attire,
She doth expreſſe her inward dolefull mynde,
A chamber-priſon is her cheife deſire,
Where ſhe to paſsions wholy is inclyn'd.
She that of late was pride of *Engliſh* court,
With Maieſty no longer will conſort.

But liues a life, like one deſpis'd life's being:
And euery day vnto the world did dye:
With iudgments eyes, farre into folly ſeeing,
And noting well how faſt falſe pleaſures flye.
Leauing for euery taſt of vaine delight,
A huger heape of cares, then pen can write.

Her thoughts ran after her departed Lord,
And trauel'd in conceipt more faſt then hee:
What place (quoth ſhee) can reſt to him affourd
That pilgrim like, hath thus forſaken mee?
Oh ſad laments! my ſoule your burden beares
To thinke deere *Guy*, remembers me in teares.

Me

Me thinkes he ſitts now by a riuers ſide,
And ſwells the water with his weeping eyes:
Me thinkes that *Phelis*, *Phelis*, lowd he cry'de,
And charged *Eccho* beare it through the skyes,
Then riſing vp, he runs with might & mayne,
Saying ſweet *Eccho* bring my loue againe.

Then comes he to a Cypreſſe tree, and ſayes
Syluanus, this was once the louely boy,
Whome thou for feature, to the clowdes didſt praiſe,
But heer's thy ſenceles and transformed loy.
Tis nothing now but bowghs, & leaues, & tree:
And made to wither, as all beauties bee.

And then me thinkes he ſitts him ſadly downe,
And on his bending knee, his elbowe ſtayes
With head in hand: ſaying, farwell renowne,
Vaniſh vaine pleaſures of my youthfull dayes.
My true *Repentaunce* doth you all diſplace,
A happie end, brings ſinfull ſoules to grace.

Ah worthy man that thus canſt mortify
The rebell fleſh, to conquer *Adams* nature
And for the gayning of Eternitie,
Doeſt liue on earth, as if no earthly creature;
Deade, and aliue: olde, and new borne againe:
Trew valit George, that hath the deuill ſlaine.

As

As thy aduice was when thou did'ſt depart,
That I ſhould liue a *Veſtal* virgins life,
Although when I was Mayd (by louers arte)
Thou did'ſt perſwade me to become a wife,
I vow by heauens,& all the powers Diuine:
To keepe my thoughts, as conſtant,chaſt as thine.

My beauty I will blemiſh, all I may
With teares & ſighs,& dolefull lamentation:
By abſtinence I will attaine the way
To ouercome the force, of ſinnes temptation.
This ſentence I haue often read, and ſeene:
A womans chaſtitie, is vertues Queene.

Ceres & *Bacchus* I will carefull ſhun,
Foes to *Diana*, freinds to *Venus* euer:
Vnto licentious life they teach vs run,
And with ſobriety aſſotiate neuer.
Spare diet ſhall become my daily fare,
The ſoule thriues beſt,to keepe the body bare.

The courtly ornaments I wore of late,
In honour of king *Athelſtones* faire Queene
Euen all my Iewells & thoſe robes of ſtate
Wherin ſo often I was glorious ſeene,
Shall with their price and valew now ſupply:
Thoſe naked poore,that in the ſtreetes doe lye.

The

The golde and ſiluer that I do poſſeſſe,
About good workes, ſhall all imployed bee:
The purchaſe of eternall happineſſe,
Is of all wealth, moſt pretious vnto mee,
All that in want to *VVarwick* caſtell come
And craue releeſe I will affourd them ſome.

For halt & lame, & blynde, I will prouide
Some hoſpitall, with land to be maintayned:
For widowes, & poore fatherles beſide,
That their neceſsities may be ſuſtained,
For young beginners, their eſtates to raiſe:
And for repairing of decay'd high-wayes.

This I account to be a heau'enly thrift,
Lay vp our treaſure, where it cannot ruſt:
And giue the riches, we receiue by guift,
As each good ſteward is Inioyn'd he muſt,
That after this ſhort ſtinted life's decay,
We may haue life, an euerlaſting day.

Reiected world thus I do take my leaue,
With thee and all things thou do'ſt moſt eſteeme:
Thy ſhowes are ſnares, & all thy hopes deceiue,
Thy goodnes is, but only good to ſeeme.
Of thy falſe pleaſures I aſmuch haue ſeene,
As ſhee that beares the title of a Queene.

Oh

Oh that I were in ſuch vnknowne diſguiſe,
(Attending on my *Guy*, where ere he bee)
As once the kinde *Sulpitia* did deuiſe,
Her *Lentulus* in baniſhment to ſee!
Or *Hipſicrata*-like, in mans attire,
Following her exil'd king, through loues deſire.

Twould ſomething eaſe my ſorrow wounded-hart,
So to deuide the burden of vnreſt:
For where affliction takes afflictions part
In hard extreames, ſome comfort is expreſt.
Miſery is more eaſye to abide:
Whē freind with friend their croſſes do deuide.

But all in vaine I wiſh, *would god I weare*
Or thus, or thus, it nought auayles my woe:
Though ſtraying thoughtes do wander heere & theare
My poore weake body knowes not where to goe.
Vnto the holy Land I heard him ſay,
God ſend me theather, at my dying day.

I will about my vowes, & ſee them pay'd,
To do the good that charitie requires:
When grace, to workes of *vertue* doth perſwade,
T'is bleſſednes to further ſuch deſires.
And while on earth I do a ſinner dwell:
Ile ſtriue to pleaſe my God, with lyuing well.

In this reſolue, that life ſhe entertaines,
Performing all the courſe ſhe had propounded
And ſuch ſeuerity therin explaines,
Her ſex with wonder reſt amaz'd confounded,
To ſee ſo rare a beauty, rich, high-borne,
Hould all worlds pleaſures in contempt & ſcorne.

For no perſwading freind that ſhe would heare
Which motion'd company, or recreation,
Vnto their ſpeach, ſhe would not lend an eare
That ſought to alter her determination.
But ſuch as came & of compaſsion ſpake:
She did releeue, for bleſſed Ie*ſus* ſake.

Her wand'ring Lord from land to land repaires,
To ſeeke out places pilgrims do fre'quent:
By carefull yeares, turn'd into ſiluer haires,
Exceeding chaung'd with greife & languiſhment.
For ſorrow giues a man more auntient looke,
Then elder tyme, which leſſer cares hath tooke.

His old acquayntaunce in thoſe forraigne parts,
That had before moſt worthy actions ſeene,
Right bould aduentures of his high deſerts,
Had loſt *Sr. Guy*, as he had neuer beene.
Thoſe that in armor knew his martiall face,
Did not expect him in a Fryers caſe.

Amongſt

Amongst the reſt to whome he had bin knowne
He met *Earle Terry* baniſh'd to exile:
Each vnto other being ſtraungers growne,
Through ſorrowe, which the ſences doth beguile
They had forgot that ere they ſawe each other:
Yet *Guy* was *Terries*, *Terry Guyes* ſworne brother.

Hauing related how their trauells grewe,
One's voluntary, tothers by conſtraynt:
In taking leaue, with curteſies adewe
Oh *English-man* (ſaid *Terry* ſighing faynt)
I had a freind, a country-man of thine:
Was *Iuſtice* champion, to great wrongs of myne.

Tyranny, to the face he durſt defie,
And ſtampe his foote vpon oppreſsions necke:
Tell me deere freind, haſt thou not heard of *Guy*,
That had a hand to help, a ſword to checke?
I haue (quoth hee) & knowne him many yeares:
Guy, *VVarwicks Earle*, is one of *Englands* peeres.

What is thy name? *Terry* (quoth he) I hight,
Greater by birth then fortunes makes me ſeeme:
Terry ſaid he, I vow to do thee right
In what I may my poore good-will eſteeme
To humane thoughts, my nature doth agree:
Thou lou'eſt my freind, I muſt of force loue thee.

Direct me to the man, exil'd thee thus,
Ile take thy part, as farre as ſtrength extends:
If Guy himſelfe were heere to ioyne with vs,
He could but ſay, Ile venter life with frends,
And be aſſured, though I ſimple bee,
I ofte haue had as good ſucceſſe as hee.

Terry, with louing thankes, his loue requights,
And bringes him to his foe, whome he defies:
And valiant with aduerſe champion fights,
Till mortall wounded, at his feete he dyes,
Yet t'was a man ſuppos'd of matchles worth;
That for the combat they had ſingled forth.

When this was don, the Earle demaunds his name?
Pardon (quoth hee) that weare againſt a vow:
To no man lyuing, Ile reueale the ſame,
For I haue chaunged name, & nature now,
Natures corruptions, I do ſtriue to leaue:
A new regeneration to receiue.

Farewel my friend, euen as my ſoule would fare
If we nere meete on earth, heauen be the place:
For Idle howers, I haue no tyme to ſpare,
My haires looke gray, they turne to white apace,
I haue greate loſſe, in ſhorte tyme to redeeme,
A mynutes ſorrow, is of much eſteeme.

So

So he departes towards *Iudea* ground,
Samaria, and *Galile*, to see:
Those parts, by *Christ'an* pilgrims so renow'nd
Because their *Sauiours* choyse was there to bee.
Wheare he did suffer to redeeme our losse:
Euen from the cratch, vnto the bloody crosse.

Much tyme he spēds, & many yeares bestowes,
From place to place, about this holy land:
That all his frends in *England* do suppose,
Now *Death* of him had got the vper-hand.
For no reporter came, that could relate,
His life, his being, or his present state.

This put the world to silence, men were mute
Concerning *Guy*, they knew not what to say:
The dreadfull champion in the armed sute
Was neither knowne, nor fear'd in simple gray.
But did endeuour all that ere he myght,
Neuer to be reueal'd, to any wight.

For vnto none he would his name disclose,
Nor tell direct, what country-man he was:
Nor of his noble mynde make any showes,
But striue in all things, most obscure to passe.
Vntill by natiue loue, his minde was led,
To come & lay his bones, where he was bred.

Guy after many yeares comes home
To *England* for his graue:
Kills *Colbrond* that great Gyant, &
Dyes poorely in a caue.

Canto. 12.

EVen as the brighteſt glorious ſhining day
Will haue a night of darknes to ſucceede;
Which takes the pride of *Phebus* quite away
And makes the earth to mourne in ſable weede,
Preſenting vs with drowſie heauy ſleep,
Death's memory, on carefull thoughts to keep,

So youth, the day of Natur'es ſtrength, & beauty,
Which hath a ſplendor like faire heauens eye:
Muſt yeald to age, by a ſubmiſsiue duety,
And growe ſo darke, that life of force muſt dye
When length of yeares, brings auntient euening on,
Irreuocable tyme is poſting gone.

This cogitation in *Guyes* breſt appeeres,
By his returning from the holy land:
He findes himſelfe, to be a man in yeares,
And that his glaſſe had but a lyttle ſand
To run, before his date of life expire,
Therefore to *England*, he doth backe retire.

There

There to be buried where he had bin borne,
Was all the cauſe that did induce him backe;
To end his euening where he had his morne,
In dolefull colours of a dead-mans blacke,
And let that body reſt in *Engliſh* ground
Which through the world, no reſting place had found.

When he arriued on his natiue ſhore,
He found the country in extreame diſtreſſe:
For through the kingdome armed troupes great ſtore
Againſt the foe were all in readineſſe,
The king of *Denmarke*, whoſe deſtroying hand
A myghty army, did ſecurely land.

And marched from the coaſt with deuaſtation
Deſtroying townes, villages ſet on fyer:
Working ſuch terrour vnto all the nation,
King *Athelſtone* was forced to retire
To *VVincheſter*, which when the *Danes* once knewe:
Towards that cyttie, all their ſtrength they drewe.

VVhich was too ſtrong for ſpeare and ſheild to winne
(Inuincible our walls of ſtone were then)
They wanted cannon keyes to let them in,
Hell's pick-locke-powder was vnknowne to men.
The deuill had not taught ſuch murdring ſmoke,
A ſouldiers honour, was his manly ſtroke.

Behoul-

Behoulding now how they repulſed weare,
That *Winchester* by no meanes could be wonne:
They do conclude to ſummon parley theare,
And with a challenge haue all quarells donne:
An *Englishman*, to combat with a *Dane*,
And that king looſe, that had his champion ſlayne.

Wherewith a huge great Gyant doth appeere,
Demaunding, where the foxes all were crept?
Saying, if one dare come & meete me heere
That hath true valour for his country kept,
Let him come forth, his manhood to diſcloſe,
Or els the *English* are but coward foes.

VVhy very crauens, on their donghills dare
Both crowe & ſtrike, before they run & crye:
Is *English* courage now become ſo rare.
That none will fight, becauſe they feare to dye?
Then I pronounce you all faynt-harted fooles,
Afrayd to looke, on manly martiall tooles.

What ſlaũders I haue heard in forraigne lands,
Of theſe poore men for deedes which they haue donne,
Moſt falſe they are belyed of their hands,
But he ſayes true, that ſayes their feete can runne,
They haue a prouerb to inſtruct them in
That t'is good ſleeping in a ſound whole ſkin.

Thus

Thus did he vaunt, in tearmes of prowd diſdayne,
And threw his gauntlet downe, ſay'ng ther's my gloue:
At length great *Guy* no longer could refrayne,
Se'ing all ſtraine cut'ſie to expreſſe their loue,
But comes vnto the king, & ſayes dread Lord
This combat to thy vnknowne kinght affourd.

Although in ſimple habit I am hid,
Yeilding no ſhowe of that I vndertake:
I neu'r attempted ought, but what I did,
And end of *Colbron!* (on my ſoule) Ile make.
Palmer (quoth *Athelſtone*) I like thy ſprite:
God ſent thee hether, & hee ayd the right.

His pow'rfull hand lend vigor to thy blowes
And graunt thy foote vpon the foe may treade;
Amen quoth *Guy*, & with great courage goes,
Forth *VVinchеſters* north gate vnto *Hyde-meade*.
Where that ſame monſter of a man he found,
Treading at eu'ry ſtepp two yards of ground.

Art thou the man (quoth *Colbrond*) art thou hee,
On whome the king will venter *Englands* crowne?
Can he not finde a fitter match for mee,
Then this poore raſcall in a thredabare gowne?
Wher's all his knights & worthy champions now?
I do diſdaine ſo baſe a ſlaue as thou.

Guy fights to free all Englands feares,
With Colbrond, Gyant Dane:

And in Hide-meade at VVincheſter
VVas that Goliah ſlayne.

Gyant (ſaid *Guy*) manhood ſhould neuer rayle,
To beate the ayre with blaſts of idle winde:
A ſouldiers weapon, beſt can tell his tale,
Thy deſteny vpon my ſword I finde:
T'will let thee blood, while thou haſt dropps to bleede
And ſpell thy death for all the *Danes* to reede.

Thus I begin, and on his armour lay'd,
That *Colbronds* coate was neuer cudgel'd ſo:
VVho with his club, did watch to meete the blade,
Intending to haue broke it with a blowe:
But *Guy* was ſure his ſword would hould out playe,
It had bin truſty many a cruell fraye.

And therefore bouldly he preſumes thereon,
Laying about, as faſt as he could driue,
Vntill the lubbers breath was almoſt gone,
(For with a waighty club did *Colbrond* ſtriue)
Which lighting on the ground made earth giue
As if ſome deuill did about him lay. (way:

So long they held this ſterne & irefull fight,
That the behoulders knewe not what to deeme:
Yet ſtill ſome wounds to *Colbronds* ſhare did light,
VVhich to the *Engliſh* did great comfort ſeeme.
Beſides, their Champion gaue encouragement
By actiue cariage, daunger to preuent.

Quoth *Colbrond*, *Engliſhman* wilt thou forbeare
And ſue for mercy, let the fight alone?
Villain (quoth *Guy*) I ſcorne thy coward feare,
Ile haue thy life, or it ſhall coſt myne owne,
Weele neuer part, till one be ſoundly ſped:
The king hath venter'd *England* on my head.

For twẽty *Denmark's*, (if they might be found)
And all the wealth that on the *Ocean* ſwimmes
I will not yeild an ynche of *Engliſh* ground,
Thou ſhalt finde mettall in theſe aged lymmes,
Although thy bodies heigth be more then mine
I haue a hart, bigger by ods then thine.

Thinke on thy auntient grandſire *Gogmagog*,
Whome *Corineus* delt withall at *Douer*,
How that ſame lubber like a tymber-logge,
Was by the worthy Brittane tombled ouer.
For his bould challenge, he had ſuch a checke
There was no Surgeon, could amend his necke.

Thou art deceiu'd in me poore ſillie ſot,
I am vntaught to bend ſubmiſsions knees,
Hould me no Chriſtian if I faile a Iot,
(And for the world that little Ile not leeſe)
Betake thee to thy tooles, honour thy king,
Vpon thy manhood, lyes a myghty thing.

And thus I do encounter thee afreſh:
With that he lent him ſuch a pow'rfull ſtroke,
It made wide rupture in the Gyants fleſh,
And did his furious choller much prouoke,
Laying about him in moſt cruell rage,
Till the next wound did all his heate aſſwage.

It was ſo mortall that it brought him downe,
To lye & groane vpon the bloody ground,
Forthwith a ſhowte was heard from out the towne,
That all the skie did *Eccho* to the ſound,
Greate Ioy was made by euery *English* hart:
And all the *Danes* with extreame greife depart.

King Athelſtone ſent for his champion then
To do him honour for his famous deede,
Who was receiued by the clergie men,
With all ſolemnitie for ſuch high meede,
Embraced by the nobles, & renownd,
With martiall muſicke, drum & trompets ſoũd.

But lyttle pleaſure *Guy* conceiues heerin,
Refuſing Iewells, coſtly ornaments,
Saying with theſe he out of loue hath bin
For many yeares, by true experiments,
Only thankes God that bleſt him with an hower
To free his country from inuading power.

And

And ſo entreates that he may paſſe vnknowne,
To liue where pouerty regards not wealth:
And be behoulden to the helpe of none,
Seeing the world but now & then, by ſtealth,
For trew content doth ſuch a treaſure bring,
It makes the begger, richer then the king.

VVith true *Content* (ſaith he) I will abide
In homely cottage, free from all reſorte:
For I haue found, *Content* cannot be ſpide,
To make abode within a Monarchs courte,
No, ther's ambition, pride & enuy ſeene,
And fawning flatt'ry ſleeping ſtill betweene.

Yet gentle Palmer (ſaid the king) agree,
Where euer thou reſolueſt to remayne:
Acquaynt thy name in priuate vnto mee,
And this is all thy Sou'raigne will obtaine,
Tell me but who thou art, I will conceale it?
As I am *Englands* king, Ile not reueale it.

Why then (quoth he) your grace ſhall vnderſtand,
I am your ſubiect, *Guy* of *VVarwicke* named,
That haue theſe many yeares not ſeene your land,
But bin where youth, by auntient age is tamed:
Yea, wheare experience taught me wit (dread Prince)
The world of many follies to conuince.

And now am come to bring my bones to graue,
Within the kingdome where I firſt tooke life:
Yet ſhall no creature els the notice haue
Of my arriuall, not my deereſt wife,
Till ſicknes comes & doth my death foretell,
Then Ile acquaynt her with my laſt farewell.

The king with Ioy embrac'd him in his armes,
And with great admiration aunſwers thus:
Moſt worthy Earle, freer of *Englands* harmes,
It greeues my ſoule thou wilt not liue with vs:
Oh were the reſolutions, thoughts but now,
That my perſuaſions might preuent thy vow.

But t'is too late, they are growne ripe I ſee,
Thou art too ſettled in determination,
VVell, honourable-man, yet this Ioyes mee,
Thou bringſt thy bones, vnto thy deereſt natiõ,
VVhere monuments of thy great deedes ſhall
Till after ages of the world be paſt. (laſt,

In VV*arwicke* Caſtell, ſhall thy ſword be kept,
To wittnes to the world what thou haſt bin:
And leaſt forgefull tyme ſhould intercept
A Preſident, I preſent will begin:
The Caſtell keeper ſhall receiue a fee,
To keepe thy ſworde in memory of thee.

Thy

Thy armor likewiſe,& the martiall ſpeare,
That did thee ſeruice,in thy high deſignes,
Shall be preſerued very carefull there,
That all ſuch men as haue diſtruſt-full myndes,
May thinke(if from a truth this did not growe)
A king would ſcorne,to couſen people ſo.

And in thy chappell (diſtant thence a myle)
Abone ſhall hang of that wilde cruell beaſt,
Which neare to *Couentry* remayn'd long while
Whoſe ribb by meaſure is ſix foote at leaſt,
Deſtroying many that did paſſe that way,
Vntill thy manhood did the ſaluage ſlay.

That by tradition men may ſpeake & tell,
This was *Guyes* armor,this his maſsie blade,
Theſe bones of murdring beaſts which men did quell,
And this the tombe wherein his corpes was layde,
This the true picture of his ſhape a length,
And this the ſpeare,did ofte expreſſe his ſtrength.

For ſure I hould it an vngratefull thing,
(Whē thou by natures courſe in duſt ſhalt lye)
No memory ſhould cauſe ſome muſe to ſing,
The worthines of matchles *English Guy*.
Thy contry-men would proue too farre vnkinde,
When out of ſight,they leaue thee out of mynde.

This

This ſaid in humble duty wond'rous meeke,
Guy reuerenceth the king,& ſo departs:
Some ſolitary den,or Caue to ſeeke,
VVhich he vnto his manſion houſe conuerts.
And ſo liues poorely in the hollow ground:
Making his meate,of rootes & herbes he found.

Sometymes he would to *VVarwick* Caſtell goe,
And craue an almes at his deere Ladyes hand:
Who vnto Pilgrims did more bounty ſhowe,
Then any noble woman in the land. (there
And ſhee would aske all Palmers that came
If at the holy land they euer were?

Or in their trauells if they had not ſeene
An *Engliſh*-man,was Lord of that ſame tower?
VVho many yeares,away from thence had beene,
A knight nere conquerd yet by humane power,
But ther's a tyrant whome I onely feare
They call him *Death* that murder's eu'ry where.

If he haue met him, (oh my dereſt Lord)
I neuer ſhall beholde thy face againe:
Till that ſame monſter do aſmuch afford
Vnto my hart,& ſo releaſe all paine,
VVhich gratious heauens graunt,if *Guy* be dead
Vpon this earth let me no longer tread.

Thus did he often heare his wife enquire,
With deepe complaynts from extreame paſsiõ flowing:
Yet by no meanes would graunt her kinde deſire,
The comfort of a hopefull worde beſtowing.
But looke vpon her as his hart would breake,
Then turne away for feare his tongue would ſpeake,

And ſo depart, with weeping to his Cell,
Setting a dead-mans head before his eyes:
Saying, with thee I ſhortly come to dwell,
This ſinfull fleſh I conſtantly diſpiſe.
My ſoule is weary of ſo bad a gueſt:
And doth deſire to be at home in reſt.

My feeble lymbes, weakenes doth ſore poſſeſſe,
And ſicknes gripes do touch about my harte:
I feele I am not farre from happines,
But am in hope my foe & I ſhall parte,
This aduerſary, which I long haue fed:
By whome my ſoule hath bin ſo much miſled.

To my deere *Phelis*, I will ſend the ring
Which I did promiſe for her ſake to keepe:
I may no longer tyme deferre the thing
For feare that *Death* preuent mee with his ſleepe.
I feele his meſſenger aproach apace,
And poore weake nature muſt of force giue place.

So

So call'd a heardſman as he paſſed by,
And ſaid, good freind do me a ſpetiall fauour:
Euen in a matter that concernes me nye,
(My hope relies vpon thy kinde behauiour.)
To *VVarwicke* Caſtell ſpeedily repaire,
And for the Counteſſe aske, with truſty care.

Deliuer this ſame ringe to her owne hand,
And ſay the auntient pilgrim ſent the ſame,
That lately at her gate with ſcrip did ſtand
To begge an almes in bleſſed *Ieſus* name.
And if ſhee aske thee where I do remayne:
Direct her hether ſhee'le requite thy paine.

Sir (quoth the heardſman) I ſhall be aſham'd,
That n'ere durſt ſpeake to Lady in my life:
Nay more and't pleaſe you, I may much be blam'd
To carry ringes to ſuch a great mans wife.
Beſides if I ſhould looſe it by the way,
Why what would you, & Madam *Phelis* ſay?

Pree-the (ſaid *Guy*) frame not ſuch Idle doubt,
No preiudice can light on thee at all:
The acte is honeſt which thou goeſt about,
And for it, none can thee in queſtion call,
A curteous eare the Lady will thee lend,
Vpon my warrant, feare thou nothing frend.

VVith that he goes, & mannerly betakes
The token to the Counteſſe, which ſhee ſeing,
Moſt admirable wonder at it makes!
Ah freind (quoth ſhee) where is my husbands being?
Husband (ſaid hee) that newes I doe not bring:
From an old begger I receiu'd the ring.

His houſe was made of neither wood, nor ſtone,
But vnder ground into a hole he went:
And in my conſcience there he dwells alone,
And neuer payes his land-Lord quarters rent.
Ah tis my *Guy* (ſhe ſaid) ſhow me his Cell,
And for thy paines I will reward thee well.

So he directs *Warwickes* faire Coũteſſe thether,
Who entring in that melancholly place,
Her Lord and ſhe embracing weepe together,
Vnable to pronounce a word long ſpace,
Long time they two had not a tõgue to ſpeake
Till *Guy* es diſcretion ſorrowes dore did breake.

Phelis (quoth he) now take thy leaue of *Guy*,
That ſent to ſee thee ere his ſight decay:
Within thyne armes I do entreate to dye,
And breath my ſprite, from thy ſweete ſoule away,
Thou gau'ſt me almes at *VVarwicke* Caſtell late
„ Tis bleſſednes to pitty poore mens ſtate.

Guy

Guy in repentance poorly liues,
Obscurely in a caue:

Reueal'd to Phelis by a ring,
When Death had digg'd his graue.

Looke not ſo ſtrange, bewaile not ſo my deere,
Ah weepe not loue, I do not want thy teares:
I haue ſhed plenty ſince my comming heere,
Of true remorſe, my conſcience witnes beares.
Thou weep'ſt not now, becawſe I wept no more,
But to behould me freindles, helples, poore.

Wife, I haue ſought the place that all deſire,
Though few endeuour for, eternall reſt:
The ſoule which to that hauen doth aſpire,
Muſt leaue the world, & wordly thinges deteſt.
Tis full of diuells that on ſoules do wayte,
And full of ſnares: in euery place ſome bayte.

Ah *Phelis* I haue ſpent (and then he wept)
Youth, (natures day) vpon the loue of thee:
And for my God, old rotten age haue kept,
The night of nature, *Chriſt* forgiue it mee,
Sorrow lyes heauy on my ſoule for this:
Sweete *Sauiour Ieſus*, pardon my amiſſe.

In that I had deſtroy'd ſo many men
Euen for one woman, to enioy thy loue,
Therefore in this moſt ſolitary den,
I ſought my peace, with that great God aboue
Gainſt whome by ſinne I haue bin more miſled
Then there be haires, vpon my hoary hed.

The

The other day, feeling my body ill,
And all the parts thereof oppreſt with paine,
I did compoſe a Teſtament and will,
To be the laſt that euer I ordaine.
Loe heere it is, Ile reade it if I can,
Before I ceaſe to be a lyuing man.

HIS WILL.

Euen in the name of him, whoſe mighty power,
Created all, in heauen and earth contayned,
As one to dye, this very inſtant hower
I leaue the world, & all therein vnfayned.
My ſoule I giue to him that gaue it mee:
Receiue it Ieſus, *as I truſt in thee.*
I owe a debt of life, is dewe to Death,
And when tis pay'd him, he can aske no more:
A very vapour of a lyttle breath,
Would he had had it many yeares before,
But heer's my comfort, though he come or ſtay
Tis redy for him (if he will) to day.
I owe the worlde the ſtocke of wealth it lent,
When I did enter traffique with the ſame:
Leſſe would haue giuen nature more content,
,, Tis happineſſe to want a rich-mans name,
World, leaue me naked as I did begin:
I aske but one poore ſheete to wrap me in.
I do bequeath more ſinnes then I can nomber,
My daily euills, in a countleſſe ſomme:
Euen from my cradle, vnto death's dead-ſlomber,
Thoſe paſt, theſe preſent, all that are to come,
To him that made them loades to burden mee,
Sathan *receiue them, for they came from thee.*
I giue good thoughts, & eu'ry vertuous deede,
That euer grace hath guided me vnto,
To him from whome all goodnes doth proceede

For

For only euill Nature *taught me do,*
I was conceiued, bred & borne in sin:
And all my life, most vaine & vile hath bin.
I giue to Sorrowe, *all my sighs and cryes*
Fetch'd from the bottome of a bleeding hart:
I giue Repentance *teares & watery eyes,*
The signes vnfayned of a true conuart,
Earth yeild a graue, or sea become a tombe
Iesus *vnto my soule, graunt heauen-roome.*
Phelis, *I saynt, farewell true loyall wife,*
Assist me with thy prayers, thy husband dyes:
I trust to meete thee in a better life,
Where teares shall all be wip'd from weeping eyes,
Come blessed spirrits come in Iesus *name,*
Receiue my soule, to him conuay the same.
And with these wordes his quiet sprite departs,
While mornefull Phelis *well-nye dead for woe,*
Her senses all to sorrowes vse conuarts,
And too aboundant, doth her teares bestowe,
Beating her brest, till brest & hart before:
Wringing her handes, till shee could striue no more.
Then sighing said, ah death, my sorrowes cause
That hast depriu'd me of my deerest Lord!
Since loathsome aire my vitall spirits drawes,
This fauour for thy tyranny affoord,
Do me a good to recompence thy ill:
And strike the stroke that all my cares can kill.
Let me not liue to see to morrowes light,
But make me thus, colde, bloudles, pale & wan,
As this dead careasse doth appeere in sight,
This true description of a mortall man,
Whose deedes of wonder, past & gone before,
Haue left him now, at Death's *darke prison dore.*
Kissing his face, with a farewell of teares,
She leaues the body for the graue to clayme,
And from that place as sad a soule shee beares,
As euer woman that the worlde can name.
Lyuing but fifteene dayes after his death,
And then through extreame sorrow, yealded breath.

Finis.

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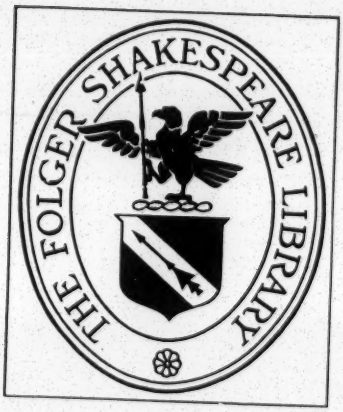
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